# THE NEW REPUBLIC

*A Journal of Opinion*

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## Stalemate in Spain

Franco is once more attacking on the Ebro front, this time with some success; he has already taken the village of Corbera, which was an advanced base for the Loyalists. But he will have to pay an immense price in Navarrese peasants, Moorish tribesmen and Italian munitions before he reconquers the territory that the Loyalists had overrun in a few hours. The two little armies on the Estremadura front are fighting on, with the Insurgents still twenty miles from the Almaden mercury mines and the Loyalist counter-offensive halted in front of Castuera; only a few hills are changing hands. Deadlocked again, the Spanish war is slipping into its third winter. Meanwhile the Central European crisis has distracted attention from one of the most disgraceful results of "non-intervention." The French border was closed some months ago in order to create a more favorable atmosphere for the withdrawal of foreign troops. The Loyalists consented to the terms of the agreement; in fact their foreign volunteers are already being sent home. Franco rejected the agreement flatly; every day he is getting more soldiers and more munitions from Italy. "Non-intervention" means starving Madrid and Barcelona while Mussolini intervenes on the other side.

## The War in China

The Japanese are now asserting that they will be in Hankow by October 1. Their progress toward achieving this goal is slow, but disturbingly steady. On the north bank of the Yangtze they now menace the Chinese stronghold of Kwangtsi, the capture of which would permit a direct attack on the river fort protecting the great boom at Wusueh. South of the Yangtze the immediate Japanese objective is Teian, on the road to Nanchang, from which latter point, if they gain it, they can strike toward the Hankow-Canton railway, the principal supply-line of the Chinese capital. The Chinese are resisting desperately, and are doing so successfully whenever the Japanese outrun their artillery support. The Japanese aviation, though active, does not seem to be well coördinated with the ground troops. It is the Japanese superiority in artillery that is enabling them to blast their way, foot by foot and yard by yard, toward their goal, though of course their infantry is capable of driving into the gaps the guns open for them. It is a war of attrition, of endurance; the loser will be he who cracks first under the strain. Can the Chinese continue to be driven back, even lose Hankow, and still hold on? Can the Japanese army, the Japanese nation much longer support the terrible and increasing burdens of the war? Both have already surpassed the best guesses of foreign observers; both, or either, may continue to do so.

## $30 Every Thursday

It looks as though California were in for it. Mr. Sheridan Downey has just defeated William G. McAdoo for the Democratic Senatorial nomination on a platform of "$30 every Thursday." The proposal itself will be on the ballot in November, and everyone be-

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lieves it is likely to carry. The plan, as we point out elsewhere in this issue, is more far-reaching than Dr. Townsend's proposal. It would give $30 a week to everyone aged fifty or more who is neither an employer nor an employee. The funds would come from a revival of the old "Wara" scheme for a depreciating currency. California would issue its own money, good only for one week. After Thursday, a two-cent special stamp would have to be affixed to each dollar to keep it valid for the next seven days, when another stamp must be added, and so on. In one year, obviously, $1.04 would be spent for stamps, to retire the original dollar and give a four-percent margin for the cost of operation. How much it would cost to give every fifty-year-old who wanted it an income of $1,560 a year, no one knows, but it would certainly run into hundreds of millions annually. Supporters of the plan assume that the depreciating currency would circulate with great speed, and that the increase in business would be so great that it could support the cost of the scheme. But it couldn't; the fallacy here is the same as in the Townsend Plan. If you greatly increase the standard of living of a large part of the population, you must do so with goods and services, not with printing-press money. If California tries it, she is likely to go broke.

## Italy's Cold Pogrom

Italy has suddenly and greatly intensified her anti-Semitic activities, and in some ways they are worse than anything that has happened in Germany. Jews who have settled in Italy since the Great War are given only six months in which to leave the country. No Italian territory is open to them with the possible exception of Ethiopia. Even if they are finally permitted to go there, it will mean little; between bad climate and continuing resistance by the natives, emigration to Ethiopia has been and doubtless will continue to be negligible. Meanwhile, Italian Jews are being dismissed wholesale from their posts in business, education and government employ.

The Germans believe their own nonsense to the effect that there is a Jewish race and that it is inferior. But no one in Italy believes it. Mussolini himself, only a few years ago, boasted of the fair treatment Jews received under his regime, praised their contribution to Italian life and promised that there would be no discrimination. What has caused him to change his policy? In part, no doubt, it is a courtesy gesture to his partner in the Rome-Berlin axis. More important is the suggestion that he is playing Near-Eastern politics. His hostility to the Jews in Rome cements his bonds with the Arabs in Palestine, and with the Moslem world as a whole. It thus becomes a form of blackmail against Great Britain. It is reasonable to suppose that he has told Mr. Chamberlain, in effect, that if the Anglo-Italian agreement is put into force at once, the torturing of

## Do We Want a Fascist Mexico?

Mexico has done the expected. Her reply to Secretary Hull's latest note rejects all his demands except one. Mexico will not be hurried in regard to payment for expropriated land. She will not suspend the process. She points out that her laws on this subject are similar to those of more than eleven other nations, including Czechoslovakia, Germany, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Esthonia, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland and Rumania. She politely hints that what the United States did in devaluing the dollar was not so different. She does, however, accept the suggestion that disputes over the value of individual ranches shall be submitted to a joint Mexican-American committee, to which a third, neutral member may be added if it proves necessary.

Far more disturbing than what Mexico has done or said is the attitude of the United States government. The State Department seems to be trying to work up public sentiment in this country against Mexico, sentiment that will justify our "taking a strong line." It would be tragic if any such effort were successful. The Cardenas regime is having serious economic difficulties, for which our policy is partly responsible. It is menaced by a possible fascist uprising aided by various foreign elements and interests unfriendly to the present government. For President Cardenas to change the whole course of his policy and abandon the historic aims of the Mexican revolution to suit Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull would certainly result in his government's being overthrown. Fascism in Mexico would be a calamity for us as well as for that country. It is surely time for our State Department to change its tune.

## British Unions and Ours

The President's Commission on Industrial Relations in Great Britain has made its report, which did not reveal anything unknown to all in this country who wanted to take the trouble to find out the facts, but may serve a useful purpose in squelching the arguments of those who thought that in some way British law made unions more responsible than American law. British unions are not compelled to incorporate. They are immune to suits for damages arising out of ordinary disputes. (American unions are not immune to suits just because they are unincorporated.) The only restrictions in British law not contained in ours were imposed as a result of the ill-fated general strike; they forbid sympathetic strikes designed to coerce the government, and regulate union contributions to political parties. The main burden of the report is that industrial relations in Britain are in general more satisfactory than they are here because employers almost universally accept the existence of organized labor and collective bargaining. On account of this fact peaceful negotiations are the

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of violence and disturbance, and governmental intervention is rarely necessary. There are no Girdlers in Britain; hence there is no need for a National Labor Relations Board.

## Our Big Economic Job

Is it news to many Americans that, as the National Resources Committee finds in a voluminous report, one-third of our families and individual consumers had, in 1935-36, incomes of less than $780? Or that one-half had less than $1,070? Or that two-thirds were under $1,450? The latter figure would not enable an average family to live according to the standards defined by the Department of Labor as embodying a minimum of decency and comfort. It is probable that at the present time the average money income of Americans is below that of the British, if incomes are equated on the basis of current rates of exchange. Of course all such figures involve large elements of guess-work, but they are accurate enough to permit broad conclusions. The margin of error is not large enough to change the principal facts. It is no wonder that under such conditions there is immense pressure on the government for relief, or that candidates who promise universal old-age pensions of $1,800 a year are almost always elected. Our big economic job remains before us—to produce enough so that even those at the bottom of the scale may have the essentials that our resources, machinery and man-power are certainly capable of making. It is not just a problem of distributing more equitably what we have. The real complaint against the richest ten percent of the population—whose aggregate income is larger than that of the poorer two-thirds—is not that they have too much, but that they apparently do not know how to run our economy at full capacity, and oppose all change.

## TVA Marches On

The sale September 2 of the electric properties of the Tennessee Public Service Company to the city of Knoxville and the TVA marked an important step in the TVA's power program. While the Authority has purchased utility facilities in the past, this is the first major transition from private to public ownership in the TVA region, and that it has been accomplished peacefully and without loss to consumers or investors is a tribute to all concerned. Four years ago the Tennessee Public Service Company agreed to sell the same facilities to the TVA but the performance of the contract was enjoined in the courts. Since that time all of the litigation against the Authority and the other public agencies in the Valley has been disposed of except for the power companies' appeal from the decision against them by the three-judge federal court in Chattanooga in the eighteen-company case. Apparently the Tennessee Public Service Company, a unit of the Electric Bond and Share System, has decided that it is wiser to accept [illegible] trous competition. However, the major utility properties in the Valley are owned by subsidiaries of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation of which Mr. Wendell L. Willkie is president. Efforts to negotiate for acquisition of Mr. Willkie's properties have thus far proved futile. An interesting sidelight on this situation is the fact that the city of Knoxville was able to sell to private lenders $6,000,000 in revenue bonds to finance the acquisition of the Knoxville Distribution System at 3.39 percent, a lower interest rate than the city pays on its general obligation bonds. Apparently even Wall Street is persuaded of the financial soundness of municipal distribution of TVA power.

## Sensible Naval Building

The announcement from Washington of plans to spread the new naval construction authorized by the Vinson bill over a period of ten years, in approximately equal annual instalments, is encouraging to those who believe in economical national defense. Assuming that the money has to be spent, the advantages of this procedure over the old hit-or-miss method, when no navy yard or private shipbuilder could make plans from one year to the next, are so obvious both from the point of view of the taxpayer and the shipyard worker that they scarcely need pointing out. Moreover the steady trickling of new ships into the fleet at a predetermined rate will in the course of a few years lower the average age of operating vessels to the point where it will no longer be necessary to keep older ships in service long after their prime, with the inevitable added cost of continual overhaul and loss of time. This, as we pointed out in our recent National Defense supplement, is commonsense naval building. It is the method which the British Navy has practised ever since the World War with highly satisfactory results; and since it seems that in this troubled world the United States cannot get along without a navy, it is good news indeed to learn of the adoption of a considered policy of naval-building.

## Mr. Peffer Changes His Mind

Our readers will be interested in a change in the point of view of Mr. Nathaniel Peffer, a frequent contributor to our columns and an expert on the Far East. Returning from Japan and China soon after the outbreak of the present war, Mr. Peffer, a strong partisan of China, nevertheless argued against American intervention even by economic means. Such intervention, he held, would certainly lead to war for this country, and he was opposed to war except in self-defense. He also believed that China would be better off to repel Japan unaided, since aid would mean her subservience to any power helping her. He saw little to choose between conflicting imperialisms, all of which would victimize the Chinese. Now, in an article in the August issue of [illegible]

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rights, has conducted the war with extreme brutality, and is now immensely weakened, having become mired in China. The time has come to do something to help encompass her defeat. We must give much more for Chinese relief, we must boycott Japanese goods more vigorously, and we should place official embargoes on materials that Japan sorely needs—perhaps in the form of reprisals for her illegal acts. Credit should also be extended to China.

It is not clear to us what has happened that could not have been anticipated when Mr. Peffer first made up his mind. Violation of American rights, brutal conduct of war and the approaching exhaustion of Japan were all predicted at the time. Certainly, however, we agree that everything possible should be done to help China, short of war. Voluntary gifts and the boycott are more desirable than ever. We should stop selling Japan needed war supplies. But why not do it by invoking the Neutrality Act, which should have been enforced in the first place? That would also cut off shipments to China, to be sure, but the injury to Chinese arms would be trifling compared with that to Japan.

## News Notes of a Week

Reports from Santiago, Chile, stated that an impromptu Fascist uprising had been suppressed. The Fascists, supporting the candidacy of General Ibanez in the election of October 25, were apparently carried away by their own enthusiasm engendered during a huge parade. . . . Mexico and Germany have a barter agreement under which some Mexican oil will be exchanged for German newsprint and other manufactures. . . . The first fruits of Admiral Horthy's recent visit to Berlin came with the announcement that Hungary is to have compulsory military training, a rapid increase in armament and new and sharper restrictions upon the Jews.

President Roosevelt invaded Maryland in his effort to aid pro-New Deal candidates in Democratic primaries. . . . The labor situation in San Francisco continued threatening. Labor leaders declared that open-shop elements were seeking to provoke strikes through which to destroy unions, beginning with the warehousemen and longshoremen. . . . Railroad labor and management were deadlocked over the roads' proposal for a 15-percent wage cut. . . . A coöperative plan for medical care was announced in New York City, this news being followed as usual by statements of public officials that they are looking for some legal loophole through which to prevent the enterprise. . . . The trial of James J. Hines in New York City continued, with its political overtones of possible elective office for the judge or the prosecuting attorney. . . . Mr. Roosevelt's enemies flew into the customary hysteria because he announced that he saw no objection to supporting for office a progressive-minded candidate

# War Now, or Later?

At the moment of writing, the world is waiting to hear what Hitler will say about the Czechoslovak crisis, with his army and navy mobilized, his party congress in session, and the Reichstag called together, apparently to perform its only surviving purpose of hearing and ratifying an important pronouncement of policy. The choice between world war and peace, it is commonly believed, rests with this one man.

While it is impossible to be sure what will happen, a survey of the background may clarify the issue.

First let us try to read Hitler's mind—and this is in most respects pretty transparent. He has the fanatically fixed purpose of a pathological personality. This purpose is not to bring justice and happiness to the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia. They exist to him merely as pawns in a larger scheme—otherwise why is he not worrying at the moment about the Germans in the Tyrol, in Africa, or scattered elsewhere about the world? What he wants is to enable the German nation to dominate the world, and as a means of doing so to expand in Europe, particularly toward the east and south. Czechoslovakia lies in his way and must be absorbed. The grievances of the Sudetens are his lever for subduing the Czechs; it would be a major defeat for him if these grievances should be allayed while Czechoslovakia remained strong and independent.

At the same time, Hitler wants to achieve his aim with a minimum of forcible opposition. What he would like best is to absorb Czechoslovakia without having to meet armed resistance, as he took Austria. This being impossible at the moment, he would not greatly mind a war with the Czechs alone, which he could win in time if other powers did not intervene. He probably does not want a general war, at least not yet. Certainly his more sensible counselors have told him this would be disastrous. He must have concluded that he cannot now swallow Czechoslovakia whole without precipitating a general war. But he can, by arousing fears and uncertainty, play on the nerves of his opponents to elicit the maximum possible concessions.

Of what value are these concessions to him? Of course he does not judge them by any promise they may hold of encouraging the Sudeten Germans to be loyal and satisfied citizens of the Czech republic. If he allows Henlein to accept them, it will probably be because he thinks they are sufficient to weaken the nation and make it an easier prey to the next aggressive move. If he insists on rejection, it does not necessarily mean that armed conquest is the next step in his plan. In either case he can keep the controversy alive while he prepares for a more favorable opportunity.

The situation of the Czechs is dependent on these tactics of Hitler on the one hand, and on Great Britain,

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resist rather than surrender their independence. But they know that resistance would in the end be futile unless they could count on help from their great allies. It is worth paying a very high price for assurance of this assistance. Their aim is, not to offer so much that Hitler, by accepting the offer, can make it almost impossible to resist his next aggressive step, but still to offer enough so that the assistance they require will be forthcoming if Hitler does attack because of a breakdown of present negotiations. While their formal alliances are with France and the Soviet Union, it is the British attitude that is decisive in this matter, because of British influence over French policy. Chamberlain may tell Hitler in a suave way that Britain will be drawn into a war if France becomes involved by her tie to Czechoslovakia, but he doubtless at the same time lays down in Paris and Prague the conditions under which support would be forthcoming.

And here we have the greatest uncertainty of all. Chamberlain seems to have been putting pressure on the Czechs to offer Hitler more and more, without limit, merely to avoid the threat of immediate war. If Hitler rejects one proposal, the Czechs are urged to make another. Knowledge of this attitude in Berlin has strengthened Hitler's obstinacy. Thus the center of forces is concentrated on the critical question whether the Czechs may have offered too much, or may still do so. And this leads us to a paradox. If they offer enough so that Hitler accepts, the immediate crisis will be passed and all concerned will be praised for diplomatic skill and devotion to peace—but Europe will have a bolder and stronger Hitler to deal with in the future, one more ready to fight all comers. If their final offer safeguards the future enough so that Hitler rejects it, there probably will not be war now, and it will be easier to deal with him next time. The margin between these two possibilities is thin. It may be that the real choice is not between immediate peace and war, but between a stronger and a weaker Hitler in the future.

# The Myths of Anti-Semitism

WE WISH TO ACKNOWLEDGE, with no pleasure, a letter from Mr. N. W. Rogers of Tompkins Corners, New York. We don't know Mr. Rogers, or anything about him, except that he seems to spend a large amount of time and some money circulating anti-Semitic material. The only reason we mention his letter is because he repeats two of the dreariest old moth-eaten allegations against the Jews, allegations whose falsity has been exposed over and over. We had supposed that all sensible people already knew there was nothing to these stories; but just in case we were wrong, it may be worth while to stick a pin through them again.

One of Mr. Rogers' articles of f[illegible] the notorious "Protocols of Zion," the alleged document in which leaders of Jewry were supposed to have set forth their plan for world domination. These Protocols are of course taken as gospel in Nazi Germany, where sense and nonsense are no longer distinguishable. Henry Ford once put his faith in them, and for all we know, he still does. Yet the Protocols have been shown to be an arrant forgery. They go back to a pamphlet called "Dialogues in the Underworld between Machiavelli and Montesquieu" written in 1865 by a Parisian lawyer, Maurice Jouly, as a covert attack upon Napoleon III. In 1905, we first hear of the alleged Protocols in their present form. They appear as the appendix to a book written by one Sergius Nilus in Russia. Supposed to have been minutes of secret sessions of the first Zionist Congress, held at Basle, Switzerland, in 1897, the Protocols are merely a rewritten version of Joly's book with the names changed, plus an added chapter, "In the Jewish Cemetery of Prague," lifted from a novel, "Biarritz," written by H. Joedsche and published in 1868.

Mr. Rogers also lays a good deal of stress on the alleged anti-Semitism of Benjamin Franklin. Even if it were true, we do not see that it would be of world-shaking importance. Contemporaries of Franklin, with generally distinguished reputations, believed in witches and thought that toads caused warts. There are important political and financial leaders today who believe in astrology. But anyhow, there is the best of reason for thinking that Franklin never held any such views as are reported. These are commonly attributed to documents in the possession of The Franklin Institute, of the state of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. The Institute has no such document, and the directors are convinced it is a forgery. Alfred Rigling, Institute Librarian, writes to The New Republic:

> There is no original copy of this document. It is most unfortunate that propaganda of the kind you bring to our attention is permitted to circulate so freely in this country. Those of us who have had occasion to become acquainted with Dr. Franklin's activities realize that under no circumstances would he have made a statement such as the one which is now receiving such great publicity.

Mr. Rigling points out that the Franklin passage is supposed to appear in "the Journal of Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina." No such Journal exists. The Institute states that the story about Franklin's anti-Semitism first appeared in the February 3, 1934, issue of Liberation, published by a Fascist group with headquarters in Asheville, North Carolina. Dr. Charles A. Beard made an exhaustive study and denounced the statement as a "barefaced forgery." There is, in fact, positive evidence that Franklin held the Jews in high esteem. When the Hebrew Society of Philadelphia was trying to raise money for a "religious house" Franklin

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an appeal asking others to do the same. The Franklin Institute says that the language of the supposed statement is that neither of the eighteenth century nor of Franklin. Dr. Beard suggests that the text of the statement contains German idioms translated into English. The liar who wrote it did not even have brains enough to do a skillful job.

The American Philosophical Society is the chief repository of Franklin's documents. It has 80 percent of them, and has indexes to the remainder. Laura E. Hanson, librarian of the Society, supports the view that the Franklin quotation is a forgery.

An earlier version of the Franklin story, circulated by American Nazis, had an introductory paragraph in which Franklin attacked the Catholic Church as well as the Jews. This paragraph has since been dropped. We should like to know whether the deletion took place at the time when Hitler and the Vatican seemed on the point of patching up their difficulties.

Although these two chief weapons in the arsenal of anti-Semitism have thus been proved to be wooden guns, it would be naïve to suppose that they will not continue to be used. Sensible people will ignore them, but sensible people do not participate in the anti-Jewish campaign which is growing so rapidly and ominously in the United States at present. Some of those who circulate these documents know them to be false, but have a contempt for the public mind like that of Hitler who in "Mein Kampf" flatly advocates telling lies to the people. Those who accept them are either stupid or so emotionally abnormal that they can fairly be described as pathological.

## Is the Country Conservative?

THOSE WHO ARE SAYING that the country is going conservative because of the primary victories of Democratic candidates opposed by President Roosevelt, such as Senator Ellison D. ("Cotton Ed") Smith of South Carolina, are invited to ponder the nomination of Sheridan Downey over Senator McAdoo in California. Mr. Downey's chief claim to the voters' favor was the promise of an old-age pension of $30, payable every Thursday, to everyone in the country over fifty. In this he goes Townsend several times better, for the Townsend plan applied only to those over sixty. Mr. Roosevelt had opposed Mr. Downey, not on the ground that the latter was conservative or hostile to the New Deal, but because his proposal placed him in the lunatic fringe of what many would call the extreme left. No "economic royalist" could possibly think of such a measure without becoming apoplectic.

The indications are that this political surprise was not just a fluke, reflecting the temper of a peculiar part of the country, but a sign of something that will pull

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of people are still worried about their economic future; the social-security measures of the New Deal are small in relation to the need. Millions believe that this country is capable of producing enough to make everybody comfortable, and are uneasy because it is not doing so. These millions are not of course experts in finance or economics, and fall an easy prey to the plausible arguments of men like Townsend or Downey. They are not good judges of the methods that should be used to achieve the goals in which they believe. But they are perfectly willing to try the most unorthodox proposals, provided these are specifically related to their own interests and are explained with sufficient concreteness.

The victories of conservatives at the polls are achieved when, instead of such concrete proposals, the issues concern abstractions. Mr. Roosevelt opposes a candidate because he has been disloyal to the Democratic program. The candidate in turn argues that he is as loyal as anybody, that he has been misrepresented, and that anyway the President should not interfere with the freedom of the people of his state to elect anyone they choose. Like Senator Smith, he may appeal to a tradition of independence going back to the Civil War, arousing the old bogeys of carpetbagging and revivifying the Ku Klux Klan. Anyone can win this kind of argument, and it throws no light whatever on what people think of the current behavior of our economic system. It is rather a contest in finding the labels that arouse the hottest emotions.

Let the President come out for a specific program to remedy a specific complaint, which is close to the minds of voters, and he can always carry the country. The popular fervor which has greeted the proposals of the National Health Congress is a sign of this. When it comes to slogans, however, the contest is more uncertain. There are a lot of old ones lurking about that the reactionaries can use.

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# They Still Hate Roosevelt

No phenomenon of the times is more disturbing than the persistent hatred of President Roosevelt which finds a more and more poisonous expression among a considerable section of the American people. No slander is too vile, no canard too preposterous, to find voice among those who regard the President as their mortal enemy. And what is more, not a little of this slander finds its way into print. This is not new, of course, but within the past year it has taken on a more menacing and violent tone.

"If only Mr. Garner were President." That is the mildest form in which this wishful thinking is expressed. Men and women who appear to be otherwise normal take pleasure in wishing the President every kind of ill. The word assassination is used in a reckless and willful way by persons who seem at least relatively familiar with the ordinary decencies of human conduct.

Foreigners are invariably shocked and puzzled by this phenomenon. They are shocked first of all that citizens should speak in such violent and slanderous terms of the head of the state. And they are at a loss to understand why Mr. Roosevelt should be so violently hated for policies which are comparatively mild and intended to conserve the present structure of society. It is a curious fact, too, that Roosevelt haters are even more articulate when they are abroad. They seem to feel the need to explain to every foreigner they meet that Mr. Roosevelt is not representative of America, that he is traitorous, dishonest and holds his office only through bribery of the unemployed.

The fact is, of course, that the Roosevelt phobia has very little to do with the policies of the New Deal. The President has become an emotional symbol of enormous stature. For millions of people who understand only in the vaguest way what he is attempting to do, Mr. Roosevelt represents all that is hopeful, the conviction that a better way of life is possible. Nothing that has happened thus far, either the business slump that has occurred or the exaggerations and distortions of the campaign to discredit the President, has materially altered this underlying devotion. It is not less than that and those of us who went with the President to the West Coast saw it reaffirmed in unmistakable terms.

For another class Mr. Roosevelt as symbol means something quite different. He represents change, or the threat of change, the possibility of a different order of society. He is the first President in modern times who has persistently challenged the rights and privileges of the ruling clique in America. And that challenge is interpreted as the beginning of a new era, the end of the old, all that is familiar and safe. It is small wonder, then, that he is feared and hated b[illegible]

There is no means of gauging the extent of the Roosevelt phobia, but it becomes more and more clear that it is not confined to the very rich. This attitude extends down to the professional classes and to small business men. Even before the recent break between organized physicians and the administration, I have heard from medical men of varying degrees of prosperity a bitter resentment of and contempt for the President. "That crackpot in Washington who is ruining the country," says a smug young interne of the Chief Executive. Back of this one senses a fear that Mr. Roosevelt has set out to undermine the foundations of middle-class superiority. He is pampering the unemployed, coddling them, breaking down American traditions. It should be remembered that in 1936 there were 17,000,000 Republican votes—a large majority of them votes against Roosevelt rather than for Landon.

A recent Fortune poll was very revelatory of attitudes toward the President and his policies. It showed that close to 55 percent of a cross section interviewed approved "in general" of the President. With respect to his policies and advisers, considerably less than half approved, and in at least one instance a majority of those who expressed an opinion were opposed to the President. Significantly enough this last result was on the reorganization bill, against which a long and excitable campaign of misrepresentation was waged. In fact on no other issue has the smear-Roosevelt tactic been employed so effectively. Exaggeration, distortion and the crudest kind of misrepresentation were leveled for weeks against a comparatively innocuous measure and through that at the President. Newspaper readers all over the country were made to believe that Mr. Roosevelt wanted to become a dictator.

Certain persons associated with the President have been hated with something of the same blind ferocity that has been accorded the President. Conspicuous among these is Mr. Justice Hugo L. Black, who was the President's first appointee to the Supreme Court. From the moment of his appointment Mr. Justice Black has been subjected to an attack that has been extraordinarily vindictive.

Unwittingly I contributed to this attack when I attempted to present facts about the relationships existing between members of the Court together with an analysis of their performance. The thesis of the article—that the liberal minority had scored the real victory in the long controversy over the Court—was ignored, as was all discussion of other Justices now on the Bench. A half dozen paragraphs setting forth the views of certain of his colleagues on Mr. Justice Black's legal equip-

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I might have foreseen, of course, that this would happen. It has been the experience of others who have attempted criticism of means and methods while holding unreservedly with basic policies and objectives. Precisely this has prevented the kind of criticism which any administration, and particularly this one, stands in need of. There have been egregious errors and stupid blunders, but to point them out is to risk contributing to the campaign of distortion and vilification. If millions of people today feel that it is Roosevelt or nothing, Roosevelt or ruin, the haters, the black reactionaries, have only themselves to blame. Certainly in a democracy it is unhealthy that so great a destiny should turn on a single individual but the blame lies not so much with Mr. Roosevelt as with his implacable enemies.

Not infrequently the Roosevelt phobia is linked with anti-Semitism and an anti-labor attitude. "The President has brought a lot of radical Jews to Washington and they're running the government." In its lowest manifestations this comes merely from fanatics who see an opportunity to enlarge the sphere of their bigotry. The President is the perfect target, the focus of all mean and vicious prejudices.

The Roosevelt haters link the President with John L. Lewis and assign to the former the greater blame for the sit-down strikes. This is particularly true on the Pacific Coast, where the labor war is sharpest. Roosevelt and Lewis are seen as two conspirators plotting the overthrow of the "American way." They are both Communists, of course, or if the President is not actually a Communist then he is the dupe of Lewis. The reality, the fact that there is a kind of mutual distrust between the White House and the CIO, has nothing whatsoever to do with this, nor would it be credited for a moment by those who prefer to take their hatred straight.

The truth has no relation to the deep-seated prejudices and fears out of which the Roosevelt phobia has grown. Slander and malice descend to the most childish trivialities, or they would be trivialities if they were not so inherently mean and vicious. Grown men and women accept in all seriousness the most fantastic tales. A good example is the postage-stamp story which was current coin at parties in New York and Washington this spring. The President, the story goes, has a friend who knew one of the nation's foremost stamp collectors. At the President's suggestion the mutual friend sends the collector to the White House with some of his most valued specimens. Mr. Roosevelt gets out some of his prizes and the two men are comparing notes when the visitor is called to the long-distance telephone. Shortly afterward he leaves the White House, taking his stamp books with him, of course. Later he discovers that his most valuable specimens are missing. (The haters have taken a kind of sadistic satisfaction from plains bitterly to the mutual friend who arranged the White House visit and a few days later is asked to meet the President's wife in New York. At their meeting Mrs. Roosevelt asks him the value of the missing stamps and then sits down and writes out a check for the amount.

There was a time when even the most ardent Roosevelt haters had somewhat lost their ardor for this sort of thing. Something of bewilderment, something of hurt resentment, was discernible in their attitude. It was unfair, it was contrary to nature, it was against all the rules. Here this man had been beaten a half dozen times in Congress and he had run into a major depression. But what happened? Nothing at all. He kept right on being just as popular as ever. A kind of defeatism set in; there was nothing you could do about a man like that except to let him wear himself out.

But that is over now. In the "purge" there is a new incentive for attack. All the old bogies are being trotted out again with the same arrogant indifference to the realities that are involved. That the President has spoken, mildly enough, in three or four instances for liberal as opposed to conservative Senators is taken as an attempt to destroy the "American system," an attempt to abolish representative government. The President is compared to Caesar and Mussolini. The fact that formal party lines are so blurred as to be almost nonexistent means nothing to these critics. By any conceivable standard, as The New York Post pointed out, Senator Tydings might run more logically as a Republican than a Democrat. But that is irrelevant. What has happened is a sufficient excuse to set the whole pack to baying again.

Then there is the threat of a third term. While no one professes to know what is in the President's mind, it has nevertheless loomed larger as a possibility in recent weeks. If the so-called purge were not a sufficient irritant, the suggestion that four more years of Roosevelt are possible, perhaps even probable, would touch off the passions of those who look on the President as altogether vile. White House advisers have suggested that if Mr. Roosevelt runs again it will be because he has been forced to do so by implacable opposition to his program. There is a definite logic in this. At any rate from the point of view of practical politics it would serve as an excellent text for Mr. Roosevelt's 1940 campaign. The attack on the President has been so violent and so crude that this line would carry no little weight.

No incident is too petty, no device too mean, to serve the Roosevelt phobia. For years stories have been circulated about the fabulous sums that James Roosevelt, the President's son, had made by selling insurance to firms that wanted "protection." The facts as disclosed show that these stories were gross distortions. Roosevelt

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on an estate across the Hudson from Hyde Park; that was what the so-and-so deserved. Fitzpatrick in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch had the perfect commentary on this latest incident. The yacht "Exquisite," home port Newport, is bound down the Hudson, on one bank a large sign marking Father Divine's heaven; a lady standing in the stern is staring up at the opposite bank with a pair of field glasses. To the man seated beside her she is saying, "Think of something else, Cartwright; he doesn't seem to mind."

That is one of the most remarkable things about Mr. Roosevelt. He doesn't seem to mind. In fact, one suspects that the President may welcome this hatred from his class. He said so at Madison Square Garden at the end of the 1936 campaign. Certainly it has been an invaluable political asset. (I once heard a very shrewd and tough Democratic politician, now an anti-New Dealer, say that the campaign of 1936 began and ended with the Liberty League dinner in February; the Democrats needed nothing more than that.) But more important, perhaps, is the President's realization of what this class hatred may mean with reference to his place in history. For it is a phenomenon that will not go unnoticed by the historians. And it is a fairly safe prediction that, whatever happens to the New Deal, Roosevelt will stand as a symbolic figure at the end of one era and the beginning of another. That realization, it is barely possible, may be one of the reasons why the President has drawn down upon himself the hatred of the cushioned and the comfortable.

One thing, and one thing alone, could bring about a shift in the attitude of the hating class and that, of course, is a war. It happened with Woodrow Wilson and I see no reason to believe that it would be otherwise with Franklin Roosevelt. Reform would inevitably be suspended and those who now hold the economic controls would come to Washington with resounding proffers of coöperation and pledges of patriotism. In the face of a war, or perhaps even the threat of a war, this coöperation would under the present organization of production be essential. It is no accident that those who rail most violently against the Roosevelt domestic policies speak with grudging approval of the President's foreign policy.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS

# Hungary—The Test Case

THE NAZI DRIVE to force Hungary into the totalitarian fold entered its critical stage with the visit to Germany of Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian ruler, on August 22. Hungarian liberals already compare this journey to Dr. Schuschnigg's fatal trip to Berchtesgaden. The importance the Hungarian government itself attached to the visit is shown by the fact that the three key ministers, the Premier, the Foreign Minister and the Minister of War, accompanied Horthy. And the Little Entente was so alarmed by the visit that it hurriedly called an emergency meeting for August 20 to prepare a last-minute offer to Hungary that will outbid Germany.

Yet the fate of Hungary will not be decided by political or economic pressure from without. The final decision lies inside the country, with the Hungarian peasants, who comprise more than two-thirds of the population. If the Nazis succeed in winning the peasant movement for the totalitarian creed, they will be able to realize their goal of a German-appointed Fascist government in Budapest which takes its orders from Berlin. Although the drive to "convert" the peasants was not started until after the conquest of Austria, it has been so successful in these few months that the danger is great that the entire Hungarian peasant population will be Nazified within a short time.

This marks a fundamental change in the methods of German "peaceful" aggression in the Southeast. Until now, the Nazis have tried to win these countries [illegible] by Berlin, but it was soon proved that the Balkan where there are too few Germans to make pan-Germanism an important issue, by economic penetration and by supporting the Fascist leanings of the lower middle class. Now, for the first time, they are out to win domination over a Danubian country by playing upon its most important, most urgent social issue: land reform. They are trying to convert the latent forces of peasant dissatisfaction, peasant misery and land hunger into the spearhead of "totalitarianism from within." And that is all the more important because the Southeastern peasant movement has until now been one of the most democratic elements in Europe, a solid bulwark of freedom and liberty.

The reason for this change in direction in Southeastern Nazi policy is the failure of its previous methods to bring the Danubian countries under German control. Although Dr. Schacht's trade drive was highly successful in the economic sphere, it collapsed as a weapon of political penetration. The countries on which a German barter agreement was forced have grown increasingly suspicious of Germany's ulterior motives and are resolved to free themselves from economic dependence upon the Reich as soon as world markets will again take their commodities. Even more spectacular is the failure of the policy to win domination by supporting Fascist middle-class movements. These movements grew amazingly, lavishly subsidized

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politically to obtain power for their German bosses.

Hungary itself is the best example of this development. As far as foreign and military affairs and foreign trade are concerned, she is already practically a German vassal. Her old alliance with Italy, which dates back to the immediate post-war years, forced her automatically to join the Rome-Berlin axis; and to the extent to which Germany became the dominant partner in the axis, Hungary was drawn towards her. The conquest of Austria, which brought German troops to the Hungarian border and which showed Italy's impotence in Central Europe, completely terminated Hungary's independence in foreign affairs. This was almost inevitable. The Hungarian people, who lost more territory in the peace treaties than any other defeated country, and almost 30 percent of whose members live under foreign rule without minority rights—except in the case of the Hungarian minority in Czechoslovakia—could not but join a Germany that set out to smash the peace treaties. Even if the rulers of Hungary had wished to come to terms with the other Danubian countries and to form an alliance against German aggression, their own post-war mistakes would have made that impossible; ever since 1918 they have kept the masses in a state of red-hot nationalism, since the slogan "restitution of the old frontiers without compromise" seemed an excellent means of distracting attention from the social issues.

In addition, the Nazis had won almost the entire Hungarian middle class—the so-called "gentry"—to fascism. This class, which is composed of the descendants of the retainers of the feudal lords, and which combines the economic status of the English yeoman with the mentality of the Japanese samurai, proved fertile soil for Nazi propaganda. Most of the small land holdings on which their pre-war social and economic status was founded had been situated outside the frontiers of present Hungary and were consequently expropriated under the Czechoslovak, Rumanian and Jugoslav land reforms. The civil-service and army positions which had been their practical monopoly, and which supplemented the meager income from the land, disappeared when Hungary lost two-thirds of her former territory. Widespread unemployment and poverty among the gentry followed. Long before the Nazis came with their promise to oust the Jews and to hand their jobs over to the gentry, the former officers and judges had begun to clamor for the positions in business and in the free professions which before the War they had regarded as unworthy of a gentleman. Little wonder that the German-subsidized Hungarian Nazi movement grew very quickly to comprise almost the entire gentry.

And yet, internally, Hungary has been steadily resisting all efforts at Nazification. When the middle class Nazi movement threatened to seize power by force pressed without difficulty and its leaders were arrested—and nothing happened. Nor was there any resistance when Nazi members were dismissed from the civil service and the army. The present government came to power with the express purpose of preventing the internal spread of Nazism. Although it tightened the military alliance with Germany, it did not even hesitate to antagonize Germany directly in the ideological field by its comparatively generous treatment of Austrian refugees and, above all, by its recent anti-Jewish law. This law, which limits the number of Jews in the professions and in employment, is hardly a progressive measure and represents an enormous step backward from the tolerant attitude of pre-war Hungary, but it fixes the proportion of Jews allowed in any profession at about three times their proportion in the population, so that only a very small number of jobs formerly held by Jews will become available for the gentry. Worst of all from the Nazi point of view is the direct rebuff to German racial theories in the provision that Jews who were baptized before 1919 and their descendants, as well as children of mixed marriages born before July 1, 1939, are regarded as non-Jewish and so exempt from restrictions of the law. (It is significant that the forecast of a severer anti-Semitic law has been the first result of Horthy's visit to Berlin.)

The internal independence of Hungary is maintained so jealously by the rulers not because they love liberty and freedom or because they abhor dictatorship. Although Hungary, with a reasonably free press, a parliament and moderately powerful trade unions, is a haven of freedom compared with Germany and countries further east, it is anything but free. It is governed by a small, all-powerful clique of feudal landowners who have no use for popular government. They maintain a minimum of civil liberties entirely for their own self-protection. For they know that Nazism would be the end of their rule. As early as 1929, their most prominent leader, Count Bethlen, warned his Junker friends in eastern Prussia that Nazism would be but a short cut to land reform.

The independence of Hungary is probably as important for Europe as that of Czechoslovakia. Hungary—far more than Czechoslovakia—is the door to the Southeast, to the Black Sea and the Adriatic, to Rumania's oil wells, Jugoslavia's lead and copper mines and timber lands, and to the granary of the Ukraine. In addition, domination over Hungary means control of the three million Hungarians who live as minorities in Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia and who could be forged into a powerful weapon of German propaganda. But all this is secondary compared to the implications of the Nazi drive to disrupt the country from within by winning the peasants. With land reform as the most vital issue in all Danubian

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Hungary is the test case and that on the success or failure to convert the Hungarian peasant to fascism hinges the success or failure of Germany's drive to the Southeast.

If the Nazis succeed in Hungary—or anywhere in the Balkans—they will owe their victory to the idealism and romanticism of the peasant movements. The facts which the Hungarian peasant has to face are anything but romantic. More than 30 percent of the land is owned by the less than one hundred families of the high aristocracy. Eighty percent of the peasants have not enough land to subsist on and half of this number have no land at all. Taxes are very high; prices of industrial goods, protected by a prohibitive tariff, are even higher. Credit for small farmers is practically unobtainable; and even the publicly owned mortgage banks charge 12 percent per annum. And amid all this land hunger and misery are the enormous stud farms of the feudal lords who use the best wheat land for their racehorses. But the Hungarian peasant movement that has grown up during the last fifteen years to deal with these conditions lacks clear objectives and clear political and economic concepts. It closely resembles the "back-to-the-land" movement of the Russian Social Revolutionaries of Tsarist times. In its vague sentimental socialism it is even more closely related to the post-war German youth movement which bred so many Nazis. It knows that it does not want the present system, but it does not know what it wants instead and how it can effect the necessary changes.

The vague romantic conceptions of this movement, such as that of a "national soul" or of the "destiny" of the Hungarian people, make it only too easy for the Nazis to introduce their own pseudo-romantic and pseudo-Wagnerian catchwords with which they disguise the militarist and totalitarian reality of their regime. At the same time they offer the peasants the positive program which their movement lacks so badly at present in the promise of the division of the big estates. It is significant that copies of the recent German decree which, at least theoretically, dissolved the big estates of the Junkers were distributed by the thousands throughout Hungary, although the German press gave it so little publicity that it can well be doubted whether it will be enforced in Germany.

Leaders and followers of the Hungarian peasant movement are being won over by the Nazis in increasing numbers. The outlook is bad. A very moderate but genuine land reform would still be enough to win the masses for an independent democratic Hungary. Have the Hungarian ruling classes learned anything from the fate of Austria, or will they too defend their privileges till it is too late to win the support of the people?

PETER F. DRUCKER

# Waterfront East and West

WINDS OF REVOLT are blowing along the waterfronts of the nation's three coasts and on the ships of the merchant marine. The winds are blowing through the ranks of longshoremen as well as seamen, and before they are spent there may be important new alignments affecting the status of the maritime unions and the fortunes of the American Federation of Labor and the Committee for Industrial Organization.

The picture is somewhat complicated, with no less than five major West Coast unions involved, and three on the Atlantic and Gulf. There are common factors East and West, but for clarity's sake we may start on the Pacific. Until the organization of the CIO in 1936, the West Coast unions were united in the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, welded together by the historic 1934 strike. Strongest and most influential component parts of the Federation were the Pacific Coast locals of the International Longshoremen's Association, A. F. of L., later to become the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Association, CIO, and the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, which had parted company with the A. F. of L. Harry Bridges, the hawk-nosed, sharp-eyed Australian with his down-under [illegible] Western end and a determined Communist group, longshoremen, while the other Harry—Lundeberg, the Norse individualist, contemptuous and mistrustful of all political parties—spoke for the sailors. The membership of Lundeberg's union is limited to deck-hands. The cooks and stewards have their own union, as do the engine-room men, or "black gang." The former are loyal to Bridges, the latter usually on the side of Lundeberg. The seeds of difference between Bridges and Lundeberg were present from the start in clashing personalities and conflicting labor philosophies. Lundeberg's recent acquisition of Trotskyite advisers, notably James P. Cannon, does not imply his acceptance of Trotsky's views but rather emphasizes his opposition to the Stalinites.

Serious difficulties between Lundeberg and Bridges arose in 1937, when the East Coast seamen finally decided to cease their efforts to capture and reform the A. F. of L.'s International Seamen's Union, and proceeded to set up the National Maritime Union. Here must be indicated probably the most significant factor in the maritime unions' cross-currents. There is an axis in maritime unionism with Bridges and his union on the

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with Bridges' claim to the leadership of all ship and shore-side workers, which, of course, did not please Lundeberg. Before the National Maritime Union joined the CIO, John L. Lewis made efforts to iron out the differences between Lundeberg and the East Coast leaders, who included Joseph Curran, but Lundeberg balked. He told Lewis there was "too much Union Square" in the NMU. Refusing to await any longer Lundeberg's decision on whether he would join them, the leaders of the NMU organized their union on a constitutional basis and affiliated with the CIO. Lundeberg's rank and file, meanwhile, was strongly pro-CIO, as a referendum vote showed. Lundeberg, however, calmly ignored the mandate. Surprisingly enough, he did not have a revolt on his hands. For he had in the meantime convinced his members that Bridges' interests were primarily political. The appointment of Bridges as West Coast director of the CIO, consequently, placed a damper on the enthusiasm of Lundeberg's members for the Committee.

This summer, differences between the NMU and Lundeberg's union brought open warfare. Both unions claimed the right to supply the crews of the freighters of the Shepard Line. The NMU pointed to a Labor Board election victory among the crews of the Shepard vessels, but Lundeberg, thumbing his nose at the Labor Board, insisted he had a prior contract with the line. Lundeberg's men placed a picket line around Shepard freighters in Western ports, which Bridges' longshoremen promptly tried to crash. Meanwhile, Joseph P. Ryan's A. F. of L. longshoremen helped Lundeberg's sailors tie up NMU-manned Shepard vessels in the East—and a second axis was in the making. A. F. of L. teamsters in the West also came to the aid of Lundeberg and as a result his union emerged victorious in the Shepard line "beef."

The stage was now set for division in the ranks of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific. It came in June when Bridges, in control, refused to seat delegates of the Tacoma longshoremen, the only local in the West which remains in Ryan's A. F. of L. union. Charging also that Bridges was packing the Maritime Federation with canneries and fisheries workers, Lundeberg's delegates bolted. Soon after, Lundeberg announced an alliance with A. F. of L. teamsters and the marine firemen of the West Coast, under the name of the Seafarers' Federation. He refused to join the unions of the Maritime Federation to seek joint renewal of collective agreements. The Western seamen have since had their pacts renewed, leaving the Bridges union to fight alone. As a price for aid from the East Coast longshoremen and the West Coast teamsters, Lundeberg has had to seek reaffiliation with the A. F. of L., which, completely discredited for years among the seamen, appears to be ready to receive Lundeberg back into the fold. Lundeberg has stated that he must make a deal with his bers of the union have been "dumped," heads have but those ready at hand." The membership of the Lundeberg union has overwhelmingly approved returning to the A. F. of L. on the understanding that it is to receive a charter covering all seamen on all coasts, which, of course, would bring it into wide conflict with the National Maritime Union.

Bridges, meanwhile, has been having difficulties within his own union, and the indications are that he no longer enjoys uniform popularity among West Coast longshoremen. Bridges recently proposed that the ninety days of grace given members of his union for payment of dues be reduced to thirty days, at the end of which period members delinquent in dues payment were no longer to be in good standing. A period of unemployment is hardly an auspicious moment for tightening up on dues payments, and Bridges, in his own San Francisco local, encountered a storm of opposition that booed him from the platform and disrupted the meeting. A month ago, Bridges' San Pedro local proposed that members of Nazi, Fascist and Communist organizations be declared ineligible for membership. Some sections of Bridges' membership have complained that the employers have been permitted to chisel on union contracts and, what with mechanical improvements in the handling of cargo, are now paying the longshoremen less wages, relatively, than ever before. Bridges is having further difficulties in current negotiations with the stevedoring companies. They have rejected his demands for joint negotiations with the Maritime Federation and are now haggling with the Bridges longshoremen alone in such a manner as to make a strike a strong possibility.

On the Atlantic, we may first dispose of Ryan's International Longshoremen's Association (which is easier said than done). Despite a vigorous drive and the expenditure of tidy sums under the general direction of Bridges, the Atlantic stevedores are still under the Ryan banner. Bridges' group last winter claimed that 12,000 Atlantic longshoremen had signed cards expressing preference for his union. It now appears that 3,000 would have been nearer the facts, and that most of these were "shenangoes," those casually employed as distinguished from the holders of jobs in more regular dock gangs. The seat of Ryan's strength is in New York and is founded on the gang spirit of Chelsea's Irish Catholics, and the subjugation of Brooklyn Italian dock laborers by the padrone-like Camarda brothers. Negro dock-wallopers who are permitted to work in Northern ports consider Ryan a great white father, while in Southern and Gulf ports the CIO principle of no racial discrimination works further in favor of Ryan. Ryan is still the boss of the Atlantic longshoremen.

Most significant of the new conflicts in maritime unionism is that in the National Maritime Union. Mem-

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thrown thick and fast by two groups struggling for control of this lusty CIO affiliate of some 51,000 members. The Curran-Communist forces have been sent into retreat, if not yet routed, by a group known as the "rank and file," at the head of which stands Jerome King, a canny hand of some standing in maritime unionism. King, for a year, quietly built up his record and his resources for a whirlwind campaign in the NMU election recently completed. Curran (who, if he is a Communist, is not a regular) and the Communists supplied much of the steam in building the NMU.

King's influence with the engine-room men on large vessels was of crucial importance. But it was Curran and the Communists who held titular leadership of the new union and it was their responsibility to obtain signed agreements. Two strikes in 1936 and countless sit-downs on single vessels had won the East Coast seamen substantial improvements in wages and working conditions, but contracts were not forthcoming although by March 8 of this year the NMU had obtained 17,583 votes in labor-board polls as against 2,577 for the A. F. of L. The NMU had won elections on forty-seven lines, the A. F. of L. on five. An understanding was reached at one point with the American Steamship Owners' Association but it brought such a storm of criticism in the union that it was not even sent out for a referendum vote. Within recent weeks, a new basic agreement has been reached and it now awaits ratification by the union members and the steamship companies whose crews have voted NMU. Until recently, however, there had been only delay. Agreements were reached several months ago with the operators of oil tankers but the content of the contracts and their acceptance without submission to the entire membership gave rise to much criticism. With the absence of contracts and the shortcomings of the tanker agreement in their favor, the "rank and file" group launched a series of charges. Then, taking a cue from the movement which had successfully fought the old A. F. of L. seamen's union, it issued a newspaper, The Rank and File Pilot, in opposition to the union's official organ.

The Communist leadership in the NMU sought to meet the opposition by punishment of all members who helped compile, publish and distribute The Rank and File Pilot. Replying to the labels of "commie" and "commissar" (it is perhaps significant that the non-Communist sailors do not as a rule call their opponents "Reds," refusing to grant them the palm for militancy) the official Pilot called the opposition spies, shipowners' stooges, pie-card artists, phonies, rats and agents of Joe Ryan. Unwittingly, they were thus labeling what proved to be a majority of the membership. When the "rank and file" issued a sample ballot, with names of alleged Communists or Communist sympathizers printed in red and further indicated by the hammer and sickle, the administration, still controlling majorities at shore meetings, banned circulation of the ballot—a ban which could not be enforced. Growing more desperate, the official Pilot urged strong-arm treatment for the "rank and file": "Resolutions express sentiment but when we are dealing with rats there are other methods at our command."

That was printed back in March, and the editorial had some effect. In the "dumping" that followed, the "rank and file" came out second best. But within a few weeks the tide began to turn. Ships' crews began to send praise as well as criticism for the "rank and file" movement. Seamen arriving in New York appeared to lean toward the "rank and file," and before long the advice of The Pilot was being applied in reverse. The alleged Communist leaders were now being "dumped," and before long the shore meetings of deck and engine divisions were going down the line for the "rank and file." The Pilot was forced to recognize, too late, that the opposition were not merely phonies. Men who had helped build the union from the wreckage of the ISU and who had helped lead the 1936 strikes were active in the "rank and file." They were old hands, well known on the waterfront as some of the Communist leaders were not. By now, the votes were in, and when they were counted King had defeated Jack Lawrenson for secretary-treasurer and the "rank and file" had won a majority of the other union positions.

The future of maritime unionism will of course be affected by the final outcome of these new East and West tendencies. Lundeberg appears to be well inside the A. F. of L., although he has not at this writing received his promised charter. There may be some stumbling blocks before the hierarchy of the A. F. of L. grants an international charter to this independent seaman who has given them so much trouble in the past. Even if Lundeberg does get his charter, he may find himself trapped. William Green has indicated that the Lundeberg union must issue divisional charters to the A. F. of L. Seamen's Union on the Atlantic and to the A. F. of L. units on the Great Lakes. A joint convention is then to be held. In the meantime, Green is to handpick temporary officers. Both A. F. of L. units claim some 11,000 members, as compared with Lundeberg's 7,000 in the SUP. He may wake up some morning a few months hence to find himself a captive in the A. F. of L. ranks. If that happens, he may have to look to his fences in the West.

In the East, there was some indication that the King forces in the NMU were friendly toward an amalgamation with Lundeberg's union, possibly in a union outside of both A. F. of L. and CIO. Lundeberg's acceptance of an A. F. of L. international charter, however, has cooled whatever warmth there may have been between him and King, who vows he will never lead the seamen back into the A. F. of L. If King and his followers remain in the CIO, they are certain to demand the withdrawal of its recognition of Bridges as

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# The Economists and the Hurricane

An international conference took place in Canada a few days ago that seems to me of unusual interest. As a newspaper man, I have attended quite a lot of conferences, in five or six countries, and the session in Canada differed from the others on several points: 1. The conferees really knew what they were talking about. 2. They were concerned to get at the truth and not just create advantages for one nation over another. 3. Their aim was a betterment of life, more happiness, for everybody everywhere. Not to be unduly secretive, the name of this miraculous body is the Fifth International Conference of Agricultural Economists, which met for a week at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec Province.

The conference had an added and accidental note of drama. It was chosen by Secretary Wallace, himself a charter member of the group and old friend of all its leading figures, to confirm the news that the United States intends to push 100,000,000 bushels of wheat into the world market and to compensate the growers for any loss that may thus be incurred. Such a process, of course, can be described in various ways according to your semantic interest. You can call it dumping, a form of international economic warfare, or you can describe it as moving accumulated stocks into the world market at whatever price you can get, and simultaneously seeing to it that the domestic producer is protected against the result of circumstances over which he, individually, has had no control.

Mr. Wallace candidly admitted to the assembled agricultural economists that he is still opposed to subsidized exports as a part of national policy. He continues to believe that in the long run they hurt the exporting country quite as much as any other. In an emergency, however, he sees no short-term alternative. The United States in recent years before 1937 has been raising slightly less than 600,000,000 bushels of wheat a year and consuming slightly more. But in 1937 we raised 850,000,000 bushels and the 1938 crop looks like 950,000,000. This year's carry-over would have been the fantastic amount of 400,000,000 bushels. This explains why the price of wheat has already broken so badly, being down about 40 percent in a few months. The farm income as a whole will be tremendously better than it was in 1932, at the bottom of the previous depression; but the wheat farmer, making his crop at a loss, must be rescued for his own sake and that of the rest of us.

"If anyone knows a better alternative plan to what we are doing," the Secretary said, "I wish he would tell me what it is." He went on to propose a world-wide conference whose purpose would be to ensure to The task of such a conference would be to remove the barriers to international trade in agricultural products and to extend to all countries the "ever normal granary" idea, under which surplus crops of non-perishable foodstuffs are stored during years of abundance and withdrawn when crops are not so good. Such efforts would help to realize another point in Secretary Wallace's program, the international stabilization of the price level.

These dramatic suggestions could not have been made to a more appropriate body than the conference of experts in agricultural economy. For five days they had been listening to reports from all over the world which on the whole painted a rather gloomy picture, for the immediate future, at least, of international trade in foodstuffs and of the welfare of the farmer in general. Summarizing these views with great compression—so much that inaccuracy is inevitable—and ruthlessly suppressing the names of brilliant contributors to the discussion from half a dozen countries,[1] we come out with something like the following:

Almost everywhere in the world, farmers are today the victims of power politics. They are being used by governments in which they are often under-represented, as the tools of purposes that have little relation to their own best interests. One of these purposes, of course, is war. Most countries are straining their agriculture in order to create great reserve stocks in case of emergency. They are also forcing farm products into international trade of a special and limited kind, exchanging them for the raw materials of armament or for other goods needed in national defense. In very few countries is there a clear recognition of the principle so often set forth by the late George Russell ("A. E.") of Ireland, that a strong and happy farm population is the first element in a strong and happy country. Throughout the world, we see a process that has gone on for many decades. Industry is being advantaged over agriculture or, if you will, the city dominates and battens on the countryside.

Only a handful of countries, mostly the small semi-neutralized states like Scandinavia, make farm life sufficiently attractive so that numbers of people would today choose it. In most other lands, the farmer must be kept on the soil by compulsion of one type or another. In Germany, for example, the peasant may not sell his land, which passes by inheritance, normally, to the

[1] Such suppression omits the names of M. L. Wilson, Assistant Secretary for Agriculture of the United States; Professor A. W. Ashby, University of Aberystwyth, Wales; G. Minderhoud of the Agricultural High School, Wageningen, Holland; H. C. Taylor of the Farm Foundation, United States; Joseph Duncan, secretary of the Scottish Farm Servants' Union; Dr. C. E. Ladd of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University; F. von Bulow of the

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youngest son. In Soviet Russia, the place of every individual in the national economy is determined for him, within fairly broad limits. In the United States, every period of good times shows a drift away from the farm toward the cities; and the tide reverses itself only when unemployment in the towns brings the threat of starvation.

In our country, and to some extent in other lands, the cycle is of course even more complicated. There is a noticeable drift of the young to the urban communities, and of the old back to the land again. There is a whiskered American joke that a young fellow leaves the farm and works like a slave for forty years in order to get money enough to go back and live on the farm. But only a minute upper portion retires to the country to live on invested capital. The common picture shows the elderly worker, broken on the wheels of industry and with no savings to speak of, going back to his country relatives where at least, as one speaker at the conference expressed it, "you can be sure of a little food if you are willing to get out and work in the fields." Even this picture describes conditions among farmers who are comparatively well off. When we think of Southern sharecroppers, or the farmers of China and India, we confront a condition of poverty where one additional mouth to feed may mean a real calamity.

Some of the Americans at the conference protested emphatically against the notion that the land can be used as a dumping ground for the misfits of industry. They reported case after case where it has been demonstrated that under modern competitive conditions the farmer cannot survive without fairly substantial capital equipment, sturdy health and rather long experience and training. The notion that anybody is fit for farming who is not fit for anything else is one that they vigorously refuted. The point was stressed that farming in the United States or any comparable country is an occupation whose technology is rapidly changing. One man told his own experience: "I farmed for years, and thought I knew all about it. Yet I found after an absence of a decade that when I got back to the farm there were a lot of things I didn't know—the first of which was how to run a tractor efficiently."

Much of the attention of the conference was devoted to the question of governmental control, restriction and encouragement. Barter schemes were discussed and their wide ramifications considered. Holland, for example, recently found that her vegetable-growers had overproduced. She arranged to trade vegetables for glass bottles from another country, and at once the Dutch glass blowers set up roars of protest. The government was blamed although, as is usually the case, it was really two sets of producers who were competing against each other, and the government took the blame because it got into the zone of fire. Some sarcastic references were heard to the notion that [illegible]

competition can be abolished. Even if it is suppressed in the domestic trade of any one country, the argument ran, it continues between that country and others. International agreements cannot halt it, though they may line up a bloc of exporting countries against another bloc of importing ones.

The aims of governmental interference, so far as the United States is concerned, were summarized by Secretary Wallace. He stressed the truth which so many people find it impossible to understand, that you cannot have imports without exports, that in the long run the two sides of the ledger, in goods and services, must be roughly in balance. On this basis, the United States should seek: first, to reduce its own tariffs, which were raised to such absurd heights in the Smoot-Hawley Act; second, to coöperate in stabilizing the international price level; third, to give farmers equality of treatment with industry and yet maintain the family-size farm.

On the first of these points, substantial progress is being made. We now have trade agreements with eighteen countries and are negotiating with four others, including such important customers as Great Britain and Canada, both of whose treaties are now almost ready for signature. These twenty-two countries have one-half of all international trade. Our tariffs have already been reduced perhaps as much as 15 percent, though further reduction is certainly desirable.

As to stabilization of the international price level, this of course presents grave difficulties. It is affected by internal policies of other countries that are beyond international influence. The movement of capital between countries is subject to sudden and often disastrous fluctuation. Nevertheless (as Mr. Wallace might have pointed out) we have the beginnings of control in the Anglo-French-American concerted action to prevent too wide fluctuations of these currencies in terms of each other.

He might also have noted that the efforts of the United States to restore the pre-war parity of purchasing power between agriculture and industry are now famous. A few years ago there was widespread alarm lest farming become industrialized, with vast areas under one ownership worked by machinery, with great gangs of underpaid farm laborers living in dormitories and being carried dozens of miles to the fields each morning in trucks or buses. We hear much less of these alarms today. Some of the big "factory farms" were wiped out in the depression or by successive years of drought. Comment was made at the conference that mechanization is now sometimes actually used to continue the family farm but to make it twice or three times as large as before. As the sons grow up, they join the father in a partnership, more land is bought and it is worked with machinery appropriate to the in-

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Mr. Wallace reminded the conference of a prediction of his, made in 1934. At that time, he warned that if the United States refused to permit imports, it would mean putting out of use fifty million acres of agricultural land heretofore employed to grow products sent abroad in exchange for our imports. In the golden, crazy nineteen-twenties, we met the problem by lending money abroad to pay for our exports, making loans that could not be repaid except in goods that we were unwilling to take. While there has been some improvement, Americans are still incorrigibly in the frame of mind appropriate to the days when we were a debtor nation. We continue to think there is something favorable about a "favorable trade balance." In this we are not alone; as Mr. Wallace said, "Every nation wants to sell; nobody wants to buy." To be sure, the upward movement of the business cycle will help relieve this situation. A return of prosperity would mean an increase of half a billion dollars annually both in our exports (including agricultural products) and in our imports. We must either, as Secretary Wallace said, get rid of our Puritan complex and learn to live like a creditor nation, or else we must somehow lose enough of our wealth so that we are in debt again and can legitimately have an excess of exports over imports. As debtors, we know how to behave.

Any international conference in these days tugs at one's heart a little. Here on the campus of quiet, remote MacDonald College, walking across broad green lawns together, were Europeans from half a dozen countries who rather expect to be fighting on opposite sides in the war that most of them think will take place a few weeks or months or years away. There were some delegates from countries one has learned in recent years to hate, and it was a little disconcerting to see that personally they looked like fine fellows and showed themselves to be good scientists. Many of the delegates had no language in common and outside the conference rooms could only smile and nod their friendly feeling. (Within the meetings, the difficulty was solved by the magic new device, now becoming familiar at conferences, which equips every seat with earphones through which one can hear a speech in any of several languages, selected by twisting a dial, the translation and the original delivery being simultaneous.)

Thinking back on other conferences I have attended, gatherings in which politicians have generally proceeded to make bad matters worse, and contrasting them with the scientists who really know the answers to their problems, and are filled with a sort of realistic good will, I thought how much better off we should all be if the management of international relations in general could be turned over to the four hundred men who had assembled at Ste. Anne de Bellevue. The notion, I am well aware, ignores a group of the most staggering facts of human nature. And yet there is something in it. . . . As I look at the worldwide political-economic hurricane that is raging, I am more than ever convinced that the storm cannot be substantially moderated until we have many more men in public office possessed of some of the knowledge and spirit of these conferees.

*Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec* BRUCE BLIVEN

# *TWO POEMS*

## Poem for a Country

Waking before the light,
I saw the tree at the open window motionless
the dark boughs phantom with fog, the bounded meadow
lost in a cloud,

and heard out of whiteness, out of
invisible woods the voices of hawks upon no wind,
the wind of their wings the single doom in the dawn,
their savage and lovely cries in the mist above
grasses surrendering night.

From the thick cold taste of sky I heard the voices
soaring and falling and the drip of leaves
over the tangled and rusty earth with its burden
eastward turning, the sun unseen, and the destination
unknown to the voyagers. The reluctant morning
widened, the cloud remained, the hawks were silent.

FRANCES FROST

## Autumn Is the Crows' Time

They come in low, wings like dark bandages
slung on their backs: air-minded monks
with bright devil eyes: those thieves
would not hang beside any Christ.

The corn does a yellow dance in the wind.
Hills bleed grays and browns and the sky
is dull blue. Nature's drab abortion
sprawls like a clown in a church, not
knowing whether to laugh or pray

but the crows
do both, coming in low, not concerned
with the farmer's anger, quite equipped
to outride the shot that lifts at them.

Leave it so: suspended:
the farmer's ragged angry face;
the crows, sweeping in low over the fields;
the earth, upon which all things are quick or slow,
dependent on the farmer's gun and the wisdom of the crow.

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# Shoot the Works

## Flowering Culture

ONE AFTERNOON I wandered into the Senate Press Gallery and found myself as lonely as Robinson Crusoe although "the greatest deliberative body in the world" was palpably in session. A large man with a receding forehead and a protruding chin was making a speech with gestures. To my intense surprise he was talking about Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. I gathered that he was in favor of them.

If I had just dropped in from Mars instead of Stamford, Conn., I would have gathered the impression that a great conflict called the Civil War was immediately in prospect. Apparently the issue was one as to whether the women of the South were to be left with their lawful consorts or snatched away to satisfy the lusts of nameless rascals mostly of mixed antecedents. Indeed the orator of the afternoon presently launched into an extremely graphic description of a ravishment which he asserted had occurred to an aunt of his in an off moment.

Although the speaker dedicated himself to creating a mood of horror and indignant protest he did not quite succeed. The flaw in the performance was that he took far more relish in the recital than seemed to be altogether salutary. Possibly the test was less than fair. The Senator in question was talking to an audience of one. I was the one and in spite of his earnest efforts I remained less than three-eighths persuaded. Of course he was also talking for the record, but the record was not visible—which impaired the sound effects.

But in spite of an utter absence of "laughter" or "applause" or anything more than the indifferent attention of a jaundiced commentator the orator swept on and on and waved his hands above his head. He grew warmer and a little purple around the gills. It was at this precise point that he began to discuss the interesting and much debated question of culture. But the antiquated windmill had not the slightest doubt as to where culture was bred and he even touched upon modern times in mentioning the precise domain in which it was being nurtured. Only in the great sovereign state of South Carolina had the fullest potentialities of white, unmixed Americanism come to flower.

The man who held the floor was waiting at a crossroad. White supremacy would stand or fall by his decision. And he thundered out the fact that he was all for culture and against any check whatever upon the art of lynching. In the beginning most of his gestures were built upon a kind of stretching exercise. Whenever he felt that he had scored a point he would reach up with his right hand as if to score it on a blackboard adjusted for men of somewhat greater stature. But as the afternoon wore on a kind of kink must have been developing in his pitching arm. Moses had two assistants to help him in maintaining elbow room but here was one who stood alone against the sky and, as far as I could gather, against the sun and moon and all moving things as well.

to employ a delivery which is now outlawed from both major leagues. He fished about with his right toe while still elocuting and found the objective which he was seeking. From that point on he gave a demonstration which aroused the lone occupant of the press gallery from his previous lethargy. To me it was a novel kind of punctuation in which the orator indulged. He would raise his voice and say in effect:

> Where I come from the white man has made a decision which will stand for all eternity. We have kept the jungle out of South Carolina. Where the sun kisses the streams and the meadows rich with cotton and the birds sing in the spring we have established the principle of true white democracy and the glory of Southern womanhood for which our forefathers bled and which we are now prepared to defend to the death upon every battlement and platform. We mean to keep America as our great ancestors handed it to us pure and undefiled by any alien strain from those sections of the country which would make us submit to their vile passions. We believe in American culture whether it be that of the man of wealth or the humble toiler at the loom or in the fields. We believe in American culture because we are American culture.

And after such a thumping paragraph the gentleman would naturally seek a moment for rest and relaxation and so he would turn his head a little and expectorate in the direction of the heavy brass receptacle provided by the courtesy of the Senate. Obviously he was no freshman practitioner or young interne, for the deed was done simply, openly and his eyes never strayed from the blank wall at which he hurled his metaphors.

Like his figures of speech, the extra-curricular activity was something tossed over a shoulder to hit or miss. In all fairness to the legislator he was quite accurate as far as his avocation was concerned. I do not mean to suggest that the pastime warred in any way with his oratory. Indeed it was woven into the pattern of the discourse. The sense of timing was amazing. This talk of culture was cadenced for brief interludes with all the precision of a master composer. Never before or since have I seen any public speaker who was skillful enough to employ in this same fashion saliva as a semicolon.

But in vaudeville one tires after a little while of trained seals or acrobats. Once the fact has been hammered home that the performer can do the trick the spectator begins to tire. He has got the idea. The first dozen times are sufficient to convince him. And so I left this deft Demosthenes, to whom pebbles would have been excess baggage, and went back to the retiring room of correspondents and commentators. I still did not know the name of the speaker but he reminded me of a man whom I had seen frequently in big-league baseball. Eventually I remembered. The Senator was almost the dead image of Jack Quinn, the last of the spitball pitchers with the Yankees.

When I returned from the upper house of our national legislature and went back to reportorial refinement in the back room I described the gentleman whom I had observed in action. I spoke of his peculiar technique in marking breaks in prose rhythm. Nobody needed a second guess. "Why you old fathead," said my friends, "you have been wasting your time listening to Cotton Ed Smith. Did he tell the one about his great aunt? If [illegible]

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Miffed by this raillery I asked, "And how are you all so certain that the orator who entertained me is Mr. Smith from the great state of South Carolina?"

The answer was choral. "Because," the young men responded in unison, "Cotton Ed is the last of the spittoon Senators. When he retires there will be another heirloom for the cellar."

But Cotton Ed has just won a glorious triumph in a primary. I see by the editorial pages of the New York papers that it is a victory for democracy. I'm not sure whether that has been settled, but one issue has most certainly been decided. The Senate chamber still boasts the survival of a tradition. The brass cuspidor is still there.

HEYWOOD BROUN

# Washington Notes

## F. D. R. Across the Sea

PROBABLY NEVER BEFORE has this country had so important a part in international diplomacy as in the last few weeks. In the World War, the Allied Powers treated us like rustic cousins. But in the nerve-wracking Czechoslovakian crisis—which still continues as these Notes are written—there is every indication that Mr. Roosevelt has been consulted by Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier with the anxious attention due a full partner. No observer here thinks that Messrs. Roosevelt and Hull have given binding commitments of any sort to England or France. On the other hand, it appears certain they have urged a firm resistance to Hitler's bellicosity. When, a generation hence, the historians of the State Department publish the record of August, 1938, it is my guess that the boldness and force of American diplomacy will astonish the world.

The reassumption by the United States of active world leadership has been greatly facilitated by the two extraordinary Ambassadors that Mr. Roosevelt has placed at Paris and London. It is well known that, under the Blum regime, Mr. Bullitt had a sort of honorary Cabinet membership, and he is believed to be almost equally in the confidence of M. Daladier. Mr. Bullitt resorts to the transatlantic telephone with the same casualness that most of us use a nickel phone booth. It can easily be imagined that Mr. Roosevelt has had lengthy accounts of the happenings in Paris.

Observers seem not to have realized that Mr. Kennedy is having a parallel success in London. By profession, Mr. Kennedy is a promoter. Made an Ambassador, by a kind of reflex action he apparently plunged into the task of reorganizing the world under the leadership of the United States and England—under a *lex Anglo-Americanus*—using the promoter's shrewdness and persistence with which he has rehabilitated near-bankrupt corporations and, more recently, brought into being the Maritime Commission.

According to his associates, Mr. Kennedy employs an unvarying technique in his enterprises. He starts by hustling famous specialists into the job of preparing for him bulky surveys in which they give up their inmost wisdom. Mr. [illegible] only days or weeks later. Armed with relative omniscience, he lastly pursues the men whose support he thinks essential for his chosen plan of reorganization, and invariably they surrender. World peace and English officialdom, Mr. Kennedy's friends say, have been subjected to this process.

However, while Mr. Kennedy's present intimacy with the English Tories comes partly from his own great abilities, it also comes partly from his business-for-profit viewpoint. His interest in peace is understood to be based on a conviction that if Europe's political shakiness can be remedied, financial markets will go up. Since Mr. Chamberlain's supporters in the City in London have a similar pounds-shillings-and-pence regard for peace, they consider Mr. Kennedy a remarkably sound man—much sounder than Mr. Roosevelt himself. Nevertheless, in the present troubled period, it is an excellent thing that the Washington and London governments have in Mr. Kennedy an efficient means of communication.

Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith's victory in the South Carolina primary, August 31, together with the decision of Senator Pope on the same day not to run as an independent in the Idaho elections, is mournful news for the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Smith is titular head of the Senate's Committee on Agriculture; Mr. Pope is the man who actually guided the present edition of the AAA through the Senate at the last session, and much of his energy had to be devoted to fighting off Mr. Smith's guerilla forays.

Replacing Mr. Pope will not be altogether easy. Unheralded by the press, a great struggle over agricultural policy appears to be brewing, aggravated by the current low prices for major farm commodities. Observers of farm politics report that throughout the West and South one or another form of the domestic-allotment plan is becoming a hot campaign issue. Two features of the plan seem to have an irresistible appeal: the abandonment of production control and a guaranteed price for whatever the farmer raises.

Back of the domestic-allotment movement is an odd assortment of pressure groups. At the extreme right are cotton brokers in lower Manhattan, who need heavy cotton shipments to make profits. At the left is the Farmers' Union, many of whose state organizations are now committed to guaranteed prices. The Farmers' Union has increased its membership and political weight greatly in the last twelve months; many observers predict it will displace the Farm Bureau Federation as the chief lobbying group.

Mr. Wallace is believed to be irrevocably opposed to any farm program that fails to provide production control. Senator Pope, with his almost unworldly sincerity of manner, would have made a convincing defender of Mr. Wallace on the Senate floor. The New Deal's task will be to find another man of Mr. Pope's demonstrated sympathy with the debt-ridden Western and Southern farmers who, at the same time, can be counted on to resist the domestic-allotment partisans. Because of his resentment at the purge, Senator Smith may be expected to make as much trouble for Mr. Wallace as he can.

The general problem of finding able New Deal champions in the Senate is extraordinarily acute, and all liberals [illegible] hope that Mr. Roosevelt will meet it with the same

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manships are assigned according to a strict rule of seniority, and most of the official Senate leaders are now aging Southern Democrats who are waiting, with such patience as they can muster, to knife Mr. Roosevelt in 1940. Probably the only practicable solution would be for Mr. Roosevelt to name unofficial New Deal spokesmen for each major committee, much as Mr. Pope was chosen by Mr. Wallace to act as unofficial chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. Mr. Roosevelt himself on occasion has asked Senator Wagner to direct the Banking and Currency Committee, in place of the bitter-tongued Carter Glass. From the younger Senators—Messrs. Schwellenbach, Minton, Hill, Green and a half dozen others—a New Deal Senate leadership can be organized.

Whether or not he was aware of it, Assistant Secretary of State Berle, who has just announced his resignation, was the victim of a mean-spirited Washington intrigue. The relations of the State Department with Washington correspondents are extraordinarily close, and when Mr. Berle first came to the Department, partisans of Under-Secretary Welles sensed in him a potential rival to their favorite. Accordingly, Mr. Berle was given the "silent treatment," which meant that all references to his part in shaping Department policies have been consistently eliminated from Washington stories.

*Washington* T. R. B.

# Other People's Money

## "Recovery" Sleight-of-Hand

THE OPPOSITION TO THE ADMINISTRATION is getting its sea legs under it. It is beginning to find issues—issues which it can use. It has had what it deems plenty of cause for hatred. But that is one thing, and a good issue with which it can get votes is another. Now, slowly, it is centering its attention upon such issues. And to date it is all set for a great volume of oratory next January about the following topics—extravagance, political corruption in the use of relief funds, the debt and taxes. Look these over again and you will see that they all boil down to a general attack upon the government's spending policy.

But the issues have their drawbacks. Upon the spending policy, it is possible to make some very plausible and even intelligent attacks which will sound well and to which, in some respects, there is no answer. Thus it is true that great numbers of people who do not deserve relief have been getting it; that large numbers of people not qualified under the law have been getting old-age benefits; that in many places the relief funds have been used to make votes and that, generally, there has been a good deal of waste in the expenditure of government funds. Also no one can possibly take issue with the proposition that government should be wisely and economically administered, that even relief projects should be managed with businesslike order. It is also possible to instill grave fears into the so-called good citizen by conjuring the debt monster and warning the still solvent voter about the coming tax monster [illegible]

wildering enigma of the depression and the part which relief expenditures play in that. Of course we must feed the hungry; we must do something to rehabilitate the great numbers oppressed by want. Even the extremest tory critic admits this. He insists that relief should be limited to the purpose stated. But he forgets that while these payments help the poor to survive, they also help the well-to-do to prosper. He forgets that these spendings have not been limited to sustaining the poor but are also designed to produce recovery. And he overlooks completely the fact that just feeding the poor is not enough to bring recovery.

It is all well enough to say that the funds must be spent wisely and economically. But it is sadly true that if this were done and the spendings were curtailed without making certain other very drastic adjustments, the whole economic system would crack up.

We are now in the position of a man who has built his house upon a very unsound foundation. His neighbors may sit around and enlarge for hours upon the bad workmanship and poor materials in the foundation. But, bad as it is, if it were to be withdrawn the house would come promptly tumbling around the unhappy owner's ears. Mussolini has made the appalling blunder of attempting to give his countrymen recovery by setting in motion a vast industry dedicated to war materials. It is well enough to inveigh against his militarism. But if Mussolini were to pull this war industry from under the Italian national economy tomorrow the nation would sink down promptly in a fatal economic disaster and the great chief would be just a fugitive.

So it is with us. We have elected to build our recovery upon a vast program of government expenditure made with money borrowed from the banks. Perhaps there was some other way to make the economic system work or at least to work better than it had been doing. But whatever ways were open to us, we certainly chose none of them save the government's borrow-and-spend system. Therefore while we have been handing out money to the unemployed, and that has been an excellent moral support for our actions, we have by that means been sustaining our economic life. As a matter of fact the consciousness of that has been the chief cause of the tolerance of the business man for the administration's performances up to this point. For while the government has been handing money to the unemployed, the unemployed have been promptly handing it over to the business men. If the government stops handing it to the man out of work, the man-out-of-work will stop handing it over to the man with the store. If the government cuts down on what the man-out-of-work is getting the store will get less. In fact we cannot produce recovery by paying money merely to the men-out-of-work who deserve the money. We have to hand it out more generously.

Of course I am not approving this policy. I am merely calling attention to a more or less grave situation in which a great nation sits down complacently and permits itself to drift into a position where its economic system sails along upon a sea of deficits.

Now it is all well enough to talk about ending the deficits and cutting down the expenditures. But you cannot do that unless you have something else to offer which will sustain and vivify the economic system. Above all, you cannot do [illegible]

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This, however, does not in the least cancel the very grave fact that this policy is headed sooner or later for a catastrophic failure. We have a sick economic system. We do nothing to cure it. Meantime, instead, we feed ourselves, keep ourselves floating above the abyss by infusions of government money. And having managed to achieve this levitation by this dangerous means, we call the resulting phenomenon "recovery." At the same time a growing crowd of people demands that the legerdemain come to an end. If it comes to an end the body will drop promptly into ruin. If it does not come to an end the body will drop into ruin at some distant date. To cure one disease we have adopted a medicine which has produced another disease more incurable than the first. Where is the liberal or progressive to stand in all this? It is time the progressive groups began to survey their own position amid these hostile follies.

JOHN T. FLYNN

# Pictures from England

THE TIME COMES to report on the British again and on what happens when they set out to make a film. In the past funny things have happened, though not in comedies; and it could be said that outside of Alfred Hitchcock the most consistent filmic thing the empire on which the sun never sets did was lay an egg. This season's "Storm in a Teacup" and "The Divorce of Lady X" showed that the talent for making those pathetically sweating little farces had not waned; "Troopship," as one of the more solid ventures, proved that clumsy dialogue and a sort of heavy pouncing treatment can still fuddle anything—even the good idea and fine mass scenes they had here. But recently it seems like a different day. After Hitchcock's "The Girl Was Young" there was "To the Victor," among the best of the year. Then there were "Three on a Week-End" and "South Riding"—both of them difficult effects to bring off.

I got to "Three on a Week-End" only recently and thus very late, but it is one of those films good to see for their hold on the familiar, on the intricate, unimportant, homely and sweet ways of life. The story can't quite make it: a nurse is troubled all through a bank-holiday excursion with her boy friend by pictures of the chap whose wife just died in childbirth on her hands. As uneasiness turns to certain premonition she returns to the city in time to prevent suicide, while the boy friend discovers (by what in charity should be called a lucky coincidence) a little girl just as sweet and not so busy.

The story is certainly a writer's shot in the dark, but it still does not arise to trouble you until the very end. The heart of the picture is really the city, the poor tired, sticky, determined city moving into trains and onto buses and taking its high birth rate out for this jaunty and pitiful fling at sun and water and air. There is a wonderful family man all through, there are two bloody blades in uniform, an ugly duckling in high cockney, there are about forty million people in a resort that is a cut above Coney but still beneath Mr. Moses, a beauty contest, a flea circus—later a really beautiful small-town police chief.

But none of these are thrown in as "effects": everything that emphasis on the story as written would founder all and turned the cameras on the inevitable human sideshow for all they were worth. And the result, deliberate or not, is what you could call documentary: the city of people goes out and comes back again, as absurd, incorrigible, noisy and touching as it ever was.

The new picture from England (at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse in New York City) is something to remind you of Flaherty's "Man of Aran," being about the life and gradual extinction of the hardy men and women clinging to the rocks against the sea, living (but just barely) on one of the islands off the coast of Scotland. Comparisons will tangle us all up, but at least you can see that while there is no such dull fussing here as there was in the unenlivened portions of "Aran," there is no comparable mighty effect of wind and sea and a waste horizon to burn your eye. Michael Powell heard how the last hatful of people had left their homes on St. Kilda in the Hebrides, and saw a story in it. So he went to the similar island of Foula, carrying the usual amount of etcetera referred to in press releases, and spent the usual amount of etcetera (according to the release, six months and 200,000 feet of film), and he worked out a story.

The main point is that the island is played out, what with the peat thinning and trawlers sweeping out the fish; and the little community is split into a faction for getting away and starting over, and the die-hards who can think of nothing but that they were born there, and the generations before them. There are a boy and girl, one in each camp of course, and the sort of complications that often materialize out of such situations (alack). The boy returns rather too patly in time to get the baby to a mainland doctor; the community packs up to leave the homeland; and old sobersides, for no particular reason outside of plot convenience, "goes over" the cliff.

But here again, and much more deliberately, the story serves only as a window on a kind of life. It enlivens the facts to be presented but at the same time it diverts attention from their simple verity whenever its forced structure shows through (and strangely enough, the simpler the tale the more chances it seems to have of looking Simple Simon). Principally we are worried by and excited over the way things go in the island: the stout homespun sermon, the village parliament, the trawlers rolling and scavenging out there, the seamed but strangely peaceful faces looking away into the weather (all but the principals were recruited from Foula).

Recalling Flaherty's picture of Aran, I can see that many more essential details of life were brought before its cameras complete. Still it seems to move more easily this way, the worries of people actually giving point to the tight, frugal little houses and paths, sheep-pens and cliff faces, making the harsh elements and clear air nearer to the senses as one realizes their doom and elusive promise. "The Edge of the World" is a sort of half-way mark between fiction pictures and those semi-fictions we call documentary in our unguarded moments (P.S., most of our moments are unguarded anyway; documentaries have to have a story to be more than family albums, and some of them have stories pretty well developed).

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# The Bandwagon

The Japanese Association of Tokyo recently held a grand mass meeting to commemorate the outbreak of the China Incident last year and to further the friendship between Japan and China. – *From an article appearing in The Japanese American, reprinted in The Chicago Daily News.*

What Russia would really like would be a Russo-American pact to prevent war, if necessary by fighting, because every Russian believes that no fighting would be necessary if the two countries could get together and say they would not allow war. – *Walter Duranty in a dispatch from Moscow, printed in The New York Times.*

Baron Catto of the banking house of Morgan Grenfell declared that some approach toward settlement might be made if this country would agree to waive the matter of interest.

Lord Catto's argument for this proposal is ingenious to say the least: "When money is lent by a friend to a hard-pressed friend . . . it is happiness to know that he has helped one in difficulties. . . . When the principal is repaid to a friendly lender, every suggestion of interest should be an insult." – *Quoted in the comment column of America.*

## Why (Italian) Boys Leave Home

Italy's new shipments of troops to Spain were defended today on the ground that they were to replace casualties and were not reinforcements.

For this reason, it was argued, the action was not in violation of the spirit of the British-Italian friendship treaty under which Italy undertook to coöperate with other nations in the withdrawal of troops. – *U. P. dispatch from Rome printed in The New York Post.*

## Haitian Papers Please Copy

The Dominican Republic has reached its utmost grade of progress, peace and welfare under the government of General Doctor Rafael Leonidas Trujilla Molina. There are no social, racial nor religious problems. – *From a circular distributed to passengers in airplanes of Pan American Airways, on reaching Santo Domingo.*

*Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.* – THE EDITORS

# Correspondence

## England's Taxes and Ours

SIR: May I make a few additions to Mr. Harold M. Groves's admirable article "British Taxes and Ours" (July 13)? There is a parallel between the British and American income tax systems that he overlooked: both are riddled with evasions, the British perhaps even more so than the American.

The London Times remarks editorially that the amount of tax-dodging here is of "unknown magnitude but certainly large" and adds that "evasion is rapidly on the increase." Roland Staples, a former Inland Revenue official, now editor of Taxation, estimates "conservatively" that evasion through legal devices costs the British Treasury £40,000,000 a year and that illegal evasion costs an additional £20,000,000. If the loopholes through which these evasions operate were plugged, the British income-tax rate could be cut 25 percent, on the basis of Mr. Staples' estimates.

Back in March the London press, with the conservative papers unmistakably taking the lead, launched a strenuous but unsuccessful campaign to make the Chamberlain government thwart the tax-dodgers. There was general agreement in the press comment at that time that, as The Spectator put it, the revenue officials here "assume a complacent attitude because the majority of tax-dodging schemes are unknown to them," and The Times said editorially:

The whole subject has excited practically no public interest in England, though in the United States President Roosevelt's efforts against tax avoidance have met with a large measure of public support. . . . It is remarkable . . . that the [British] government should be so little disturbed by the fact that the contrary to the interests of the community. . . . The flourishing character of the [British tax-dodging] industry is due to the diffidence of successive Chancellors of the Exchequer who have proved unwilling to make the legislation sufficiently wide.

In the course of the campaign, which you will find reviewed at length in The Baltimore Sun for April 25 and 26, British courts as well as the bar here came in for slashing criticism for the help they unfailingly have extended to tax-dodgers.

The other addition I'd like to make to Mr. Groves's theme deals with the fact that all studies in comparative taxation must consider what the taxpayers in the countries studied are getting for their money. When I came to England a little over a year ago I was prepared to believe the British taxpayer got more for his dough than does his American counterpart. I no longer am so disposed and incline, instead, to the belief that the American taxpayer gets the better bargain.

I could offer many arguments and examples in support of that belief, but it will suffice here to direct the reader's attention back to the above quoted reflections from the British press on the competence of British revenue officials and sundry Chancellors of the Exchequer.

*London* PAUL W. WARD

SIR: It is intriguing to notice that Harry Scherman, in his recent letter comparing the taxes of England with our own [The New Republic, August 24], rushes quickly by any fact that promises other than what he thinks we ought to know and live by. Thus Mr. Scherman asserts that it is an "undiluted hope" to expect that our income will

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1929 income—indeed, enjoyed "the most prosperous year in its history in 1937."

Fact number one, which Mr. Scherman ignored, is that 1929 was, for England, a depression year; whereas for us it was "the most prosperous year" in our history. That fact destroys the value of 1929 as a basis of comparison between the two countries unless Mr. Scherman wishes to inquire into the reasons for England's long lag in post-war recovery. But such a discussion would show that the promises America lived by in the giddy twenties exploded with sickening casualties in 1929; and that fact, rather than diluted or undiluted hopes, explains why the 1929 type of false national income will not soon come again.

Fact number two is that England's most prosperous of years was based upon planning, spending and heavy rearmament disbursements. Thus England's prosperity is coincident with history-making spending. To one reader at least this would seem to show that modern prosperity is dependent upon heavy spending. Mr. Scherman skips by that conclusion, but I think he ought to be invited to take a look at it—not merely because it is part of a long series to the same effect, but also because it may help Mr. Scherman to think and to write according to the facts and conclusions that the world lives by.

Maybe Mr. Roosevelt is taking us blithely toward disaster. But if Mr. Scherman knows any modern nations not on the same road, he is holding out on us.

*New York City* F. A. SIEVERMAN JR.

## Author's Correction

SIR: May I get this little correction into the record for the benefit of those few people who still read poetry. The name Thomas, which appeared in my poem "Silence in Mallorca" (July 20, 1938) should have read Tomás, accent on the last syllable. This is a favorite name and almost as common as Juan in that part of Spain, and I used it for its familiarity and also because of a song having the name for a refrain.

Also, "Calling Western Union" has been published since "Not Mine to Finish."

*Stamford, Conn.* GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

## A Pension Tip from Sweden

SIR: In your recent suggestions for the amendment of the Social Security Act [The New Republic, August 24], you propose that "benefits which now vary from state to state should be standardized."

I should like to call your attention to a feature of the Swedish pension system which seems to me an admirable one: cost-of-living surveys are made regularly, and on the basis of their results the country is divided into low, medium and high cost-of-living areas. Old-age, maternity, child help and other pensions are distributed at three different rates corresponding to these areas (Reference: May, 1938, issue, Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences).

Would not such a plan be more equitable than either arbitrary differences by states, or an arbitrary equalization of the whole country?

*Washington, D. C.* DAVID H. SCULL

## For the Pushkin Museum

SIR: The staff of the Pushkin Museum has applied to us to help the Museum to collect all translations of the poet into foreign languages and all the literature written about him. A special section is being organized in the Museum devoted

The Foreign Commission of the Union of Soviet Writers of the USSR therefore asks all the editors and translators of Pushkin's work, authors of articles and books about him, as well as publishers and editors of magazines and papers, to contribute copies of such publications to the permanent collection of the Museum.

The Foreign Commission of the Union of Soviet Writers (Kuznetzki Most 12, Moscow) hopes you will help the cause of commemorating the great poet, by bringing this to your readers' attention.

*Moscow, USSR* M. APLETIN

## *From The New Republic Mail Bag*

Three more readers have accepted Mr. L. L. Whyte's "Scientists' Oath" (August 24), bringing the total to six. They are Dr. Max Lurie, associate professor of Experimental Pathology at Phipps Institute, University of Pennsylvania, Daniel M. Dribin of Chicago, Illinois, and Dr. Philip G. Ackerman of Corvallis, Oregon. Dr. Ackerman adds that "the recognition that there is 'no loyalty greater than that to the task of preserving truth, toleration and justice in the coming world order' must not be confined to the laboratory. Scientists must, in these days, speak and fight for truth, justice and toleration in every field of human endeavor."

Robert Elder of Palo Alto, California, jumps into the artistic controversy over the proposed statue of St. Francis of Assisi by Benjamin Bufano for San Francisco. He criticizes the editorial "Pegler Is Right" (August 24) which said sculptors must not portray immobile figures in positions which would cause anguish if sustained for very long. Mr. Elder holds this rule invalid because it is broken by the Statute of Liberty. . . . A. Lewis of Detroit, Michigan, commenting on the dispute between Harold M. Groves and Harry Scherman over British and American taxes (July 13 and August 24), writes that "the real basis for comparing the relative burden of taxation in two countries should be not the actual amount, nor the percentage income spent in taxes, but the amount left over for one's use—in other words, the relative standard of living. . . . One may arrive at a rough comparison by taking the major population groups and . . . their yearly incomes, with taxes deducted therefrom, and making adjustments for differences in the cost of living."

## *What's on the Air?*

Clark M. Eichelberger, director of the League of Nations Association, speaks from Geneva, Switzerland, on "The Situation in Central Europe," Sunday, September 11, 1:30 P.M., CBS.

Eugene Lyons, Nicholas Roosevelt and others discuss "Public Opinion and Foreign News" on The People's Platform, Sunday, September 11, 7 P.M., CBS.

Lena Madesin Phillips discusses "Europe in Suspense," Monday, September 12, 7:15 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include a Mercury Theatre of the Air dramatization of the life of Vincent van Gogh, Sunday, September 11, 8 P.M., CBS; a Grant Park concert conducted by Frederick Stock, Sunday, September 11, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; "The Planets," a poetic allegory by Alfred Kreymborg, adopted from Gustav Holst's musical composition, Monday, September 12, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; "The Transmutation of Ling," comedy-drama by Ernest Bramoli, adopted for radio by Patrick Riddell; and a musical program from Moscow with Sergei Prokofieff, David Aistrach and Emil Hillels, Friday, September 16, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue

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# Books in Review

## England with Gun and Camera

IT'S BEEN RATHER an open season on the British. With Quincy Howe attacking the assumption that America's Eastern frontier is the sea wall at Margate, and with Robert Forsythe pinning swastikas on Neville Chamberlain, and with Geoffrey Garratt (an Englishman, no less) letting go with haymakers at the Foreign Office, and with Low (another Englishman) doing his impolitic cartooning, the poor old lion's tail has come to resemble a piece of frayed rope. In the interests of fair play and the Eton spirit I was about to call a halt to what has become a mug's game. But then I picked up Margaret Halsey's "With Malice Toward Some," [1] illustrated by Peggy Bacon. After reading most of it aloud, all I can say is that the season on the British can stay open until Miss Halsey has fired her last shot.

It can stay open, too, until a few of our Literary Elder Statesmen have died off. For here, the very week that I get hold of Miss Halsey's effervescent book, I pick up the first volume of James Truslow Adams' "Building the British Empire." [2] Mr. Adams is fluent enough in his journeyman sweep across the centuries, but he *would* write one of those ineffable introductions which prove that the sun never sets on platitudes about the British. Mr. Adams is gravely, not to say grimly, impressed by the theory that a sound Britisher "never lets you down." The sound Britisher is, in short, "a good man to go tiger hunting with." (Miss Halsey's answer to this would be "Hold that tiger!") But the point Mr. Adams forgets is that it's got to be the Britisher's tiger hunt or he won't have anything to do with you. The sound Britisher never lets you down as long as you're going his way.

Miss Halsey, who spent a year in England as the wife of an exchange professor, knows plenty about the race of tiger hunters that seems to have escaped the eyes and ears of Mr. Adams. I won't say that Miss Halsey's fundamental observations about the English are very original; after all, she is not the first to note that England is caste-ridden, that the lower classes are "relentlessly subservient," or that Britons are insufferably patronizing toward Americans. But Miss Halsey says things in a way that bites deep into your memory. She is not concerned with the larger hypocrisies of British life, such as the Hoare-Laval agreement or the Spanish "non-intervention" patrol. Her book, however, makes plain the richness of the native compost from which the international hypocrisies spring. The English are cheerful enough, God knows. But the upper classes, "who are virtually embalmed in good taste," hardly seem to be alive. Some of the more advanced Englishmen, says Miss Halsey, "are interested in vitality, and they examine it curiously and kindly. . . . Most Britishers, however . . . are not only not interested in it, but when they meet a person who has some, they promptly penalize him for offside play."

Miss Halsey divides the English into the gentry and the "ungentry." The gentry have most of the productive property, and a set of military men with "eyes like affronted oysters" to guard it, but the ungentry have all the fun. (Miss Halsey does not classify fox hunting as a sport, but as a ridiculous procession of dogs, horses and men who happen to be led by a fox.) As for the women of the gentry, they regard the English gentleman (whom James Truslow Adams worships) as "something between God and a goat, and equally formidable on both scores." But the English gentlewoman compensates for this spiritual suttee by taking it out on the servants. A good English servant is overworked and underpaid, and the gentry's conversation about her is such that you are "surprised, when the maid comes into the room, to see that she has vertebrae." At first Miss Halsey was indignant about the English treatment of their servants. But later she subsided; the British lower classes "seem to ask for it."

There are, however, some pleasant aspects about living in England, particularly in Devonshire, "which grows upon me like an obsession." (Henry, Miss Halsey's husband, had his exchange professorship at Exeter.) "Living in . . . provincial England must be like being married to a stupid but exquisitely beautiful wife. Whenever you have definitely made up your mind to send her to a home for morons, she turns her heart-stopping profile and you are unstrung and victimized again."—"Fetching up with a whang against the caste system; against a corrosive envy of the United States; . . . and against that death-in-life which the Britons, with characteristic understatement, like to call English reserve," is all very irritating, but the American visitor tends to overlook the fact that he "can read his English newspapers in the relative peace engendered by an absence of race riots, lynchings, Vigilantes, rackets, wholesale murders, police brutalities and Roman holidays like the Hauptmann execution." It is not, says Miss Halsey, that the British are "more fair-minded than other nations, but that their unfairness is so placid. British injustice is a leisurely inequity, arrived at by due process of law and free from any hoyden impulses to take people out and string them up on trees. A good deal in England makes the blood boil, but there is not nearly so much occasion as there is in America for blood to run cold."

Miss Halsey doesn't take herself seriously as a traveler, having something of that attitude toward "las turistas" which the Mexicans of Taxco have toward the North American friends of that gringo-gone-native, Bill Spratling. Stratford-on-Avon suggested "powdered history—add hot water and stir and you have a delicious, nourishing Shakespeare." Miss Halsey and her husband took a summer trip to Sweden along with a "boatload of Mr. Childs's readers." The "wistful liberals [illegible]"

[1] With Malice Toward Some, by Margaret Halsey. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. New York: Simon and Schuster. 278 pages. $2.

[2] Building the British Empire. Vol. I, by Jam[illegible]

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lakes and forests kept reminding her of American vistas, and the people had an "instinct for dignity." Stockholm, with no slums, had the "beauty of common sense." Most refreshing thing of all, there were no war monuments. Refusing the fight to make the world safe for democracy, Sweden managed to preserve both democracy and an unencumbered landscape at home.

I don't know what the English will make of Miss Halsey's book. If they couldn't untangle George Kaufman's humor in "You Can't Take It with You," they will certainly be perplexed by Miss Halsey's use of simile and metaphor, which is wild as any Red Indian out of Cooper. But there's no point in wondering about the British reception of Miss Halsey: "With Malice Toward Some" will probably never reach a London publisher. The British will most likely settle Miss Halsey by ignoring her existence. Or maybe she'll have a quiet visit from Lord Runciman.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

# The Ladies and Gentlemen

*Three Guineas, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 285 pages. $2.50.*

MRS. WOOLF'S AIMS, in "Three Guineas," are incontestably noble ones. But her style is so elegant, so circuitous and so soothing that the reader is halfway through the book before he realizes what is going on. So that it is just as well if the critic state at the outset that one should read, for Mrs. Woolf's term "educated man's daughter," "upper-class Englishwoman," or even "lady."

Ten years ago Mrs. Woolf, in "A Room of One's Own," turned the English patriarchal system inside out. In the present book the exposé of upper-class Englishman's tyranny over upper-class Englishwoman is continued. These women were considered, by their brothers, fathers and husbands, about on a par with these men's dogs or horses, which must be well taken care of, make a fine display and, if sold, fetch a good price. One sex, the masculine, had all the material power, all the "higher education" and most of the expensive fun. Fathers prevented their daughters from earning a living, and husbands kept their wives from nearly everything except child-bearing.

The War broke up the hard grip of such feudal holdovers. Women, in the national emergency, went into hospitals and munitions factories—the ladies, as Mrs. Woolf points out, sometimes still attended by their maids. After the War women won the right to vote and admission into many of the professions. Time passed, and a new war became probable. But now conditions had changed so that it was possible for an "educated man" to write to an "educated man's daughter," asking her advice how war could be avoided.

"Three Guineas" is Mrs. Woolf's answer to such a request. The question of male privilege, it is clear, has never ceased to agitate her. She brings up a whole new set of horrid facts proving the continued strength of male domination. From history, biography and the newspaper, she wheels up evidence that woman's battle, in the upper-income are these professions? How good are the assumptions on which they are based?

We, the daughters of professional men, are between the devil and the deep sea. Behind us lies the patriarchal system, with its nullity, its immorality, its hypocrisy and its servility. Before us lies the public world, the professional system, with its possessiveness, its jealousy, its pugnacity, its greed. It is a choice of evils. Each is bad.

Are women of Mrs. Woolf's class, then, to walk into man-made and time-hardened employments, without lifting a finger to change them? At this point Mrs. Woolf exposes her scheme for depositing some female goodness and sensitiveness in the social set-up. Let "educated men's daughters," she says, exercise disinterestedness to the point of fanaticism. Let them "cultivate the virtues which have taught the daughters of educated men before this—Florence Nightingale, Emily Brontë, Christina Rossetti—*i.e.*, poverty, chastity and freedom from unreal loyalties." Let them refuse to sell their brains for money; hold that obscurity and censure are preferable to fame and praise; fling back badges, orders and degrees in the giver's face; rid themselves of the pride of nationality, religious pride, school pride, college pride, family pride and sex pride. Cleave to the example of Antigone, says Mrs. Woolf. Remember Antigone's profound statement concerning the duties of the individual to society: "It is not my nature to join in hating, but in loving."

This Outsider's Society, then, would consist of educated men's daughters "working in their own class—how indeed could they work in any other?" A long, tart note is here inserted which states that, since the middle class is much in need of improvement, and since the lower classes probably resent upper-class interference with their problems, the line had better be drawn definitely and finally. Upper-middle-class Englishwomen, thus fenced off, are to erect, upon the class-consciousness and class education dinned into them from the first moment they were dandled before the nursery fire, a moral pattern so severe that it has never been adhered to by anyone who was not by nature an artist or a saint. That this Outsider's Society will ever materialize, under these conditions, is unlikely.

So that, while "Three Guineas" can be read for its flashes of that psychological insight and witty realism for which women are so famed, one must check Mrs. Woolf continually in her conclusions. Her style itself is a danger. At its worst, it curves into the suavity of well managed rhetoric under which all kinds of beating about the bush may go on unnoticed. With it she can deflect points on which she has no opinion or merely a class opinion. What about these male regalias, for example? Are they, as she says, the paraphernalia of a sex, or the awesome decorations of a class?

Mrs. Woolf has looked at women of the lower classes. She has even written and published an introduction to a collection of their life stories ("Life As We Have Known It," 1931). She looked at them, she admits "with bewilderment and curiosity." She found them "magnificent." But she decided, upon thinking the matter over, that "it is better to be a lady," since ladies "desire ends, not means." In "Three Guineas" Mrs. Woolf has had to venture a little [illegible] prerogatives. Perhaps because she is not

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very thoroughly. Forgetting that she is "an educated man's daughter," Mrs. Woolf should go on being an artist. Patently, being a lady is difficult, but artists have managed to make something of even worse situations and inheritances.

LOUISE BOGAN

# Dirt for Art's Sake

*Death on the Instalment Plan, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Translated by John H. P. Marks. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.*

HAVING JOURNEYED with great success to the "end of the night," Céline has definitely chosen the night as his permanent residence. At any rate, that is the impression conveyed by his second novel, which we now have in an excellent, unexpurgated English translation. The subject matter of this book is the same as that of the first. The same hero, Ferdinand—this time as a growing boy afflicted with all sorts of dirty habits—goes through a similar series of tribulations, which illustrate the same conception of a hopeless world and the same vision of our human fate: "to get a kick out of dying while he's busy bringing death nearer and nearer—that's Man all over." The characters belong to the lower middle class or *Lumpenproletariat;* they are motivated by sex or "the dread of want," and they react to their failures by the same unadulterated, unsublimated howl of resentment, in the same language which so skillfully blends the most obscene curses with the most grandiloquent rhetoric.

It would be false, however, to conclude that "Death on the Instalment Plan" is nothing but a repetition of "Journey to the End of the Night." Attached as the author remains to his disillusioned views, an unmistakable change has occurred in his attitude as a writer. In his first novel, Céline was above all bent upon expressing a definite emotional experience—which happened to be the typical experience of the bankrupt French middle class; its tone, its movement were spontaneous. This time it is as if the author had become conscious of his function as the *enfant terrible* of naturalism and his one-sided genius in the art of vituperation—and he is recklessly exploiting his own inimitable tone to the full extent of its potentialities. As a result the stress is no longer on the subject matter, but on the style:

> I opened the throttle full out. . . . I surpassed them all in the vicious intensity of my revulsion, the sincerity and destructive fury I displayed, my implacable loathing, the giddy heights, the hyperbole, this flood, this paroxysm of anathema. . . . The most savage delirious raving goofs were left at the post when I chose to put my mind to it a little. . . . They left the place licked to a frazzle, dazed by the overpowering wealth of my expletive, my masterly disgust, the reserves of vengeance I nursed.

Not only the hero, to whom this passage applies in the novel, but also most of the other characters "open the throttle full out" in order to exhibit their mastery in expressing their disgust with existence. The descriptive scenes, which alternate with these exasperated monologues, are mostly of a delirious character, with things deliberately presented in the grotesque, exaggerated outlines of a night-

in his own style. Some of these descriptions are quite admirable as such; some others contain first-rate realistic elements—especially convincing is the character of Ferdinand's father, Auguste, a clerk who is crushed and bewildered by economic forces beyond his understanding, and who turns his impotent rage against his wife and children, amidst invocations to his honesty and "conscience"—but on the whole the reader is not only dazed but absolutely crushed by the immense talent that is required to sustain this fury throughout nearly six hundred pages. He cannot help thinking that if there is power in this monotony, there is also much monotony in this power.

To discuss the "social implications" of a work like this seems utterly irrelevant—except in so far as "Death on the Instalment Plan" is part of the disappearing school of art for art's sake. For in spite of Céline's extensive use of the most "popular" language, his violence and abundance and "impurity" are just as formalistic as Paul Valèry's restraint and purity. This does not mean that rhetoric cannot be put to a "social" use, and Céline himself has recently shown us to what use his particular type of rhetoric is best adapted. In his latest production, "Trifles for a Massacre" (not yet translated into English), he, quite logically, added the Jewish scapegoat to the original "célinesque" emotion. This exercise in anti-Semitism—400 rabid pages which any connoisseur will readily admit as surpassing the best of Hitler—sold over eighty thousand copies in France; and it is rather hard to believe that even France holds so vast a number of lovers of "pure art."

NORBERT GUTERMAN

Fearless, brutally unreticent, its grimness lighted by flares of gargantuan laughter

DEATH on the INSTALLMENT PLAN

By Louis-Ferdinand Céline

"No one can read this novel without recognizing . . . the extraordinary talent behind it, the acid wit, the almost demonic power and force and fecundity." —*Ralph Thompson, N.Y. Times.* $2.75

The story of the youth of Ferdinand, central character in JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT

LITTLE, BROWN BOSTON

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# Two Changing Worlds

*Green Worlds: An Informal Chronicle, by Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 369 pages. $3.*

THIS IS NOT one of the best of the Hindus books—there is a certain graceless amateurishness that is unusual with this writer. Indeed, it seems deliberately to avoid provoking praise, as if it were a record of clinical experiment. In a sense, the whole book is a single connected argument against a certain type of criticism of the Russian revolution, the criticism of the Disillusioned Dreamer Returned. In the first part of his book, Hindus asks one to look intensely, not at the whole statistical scheme of the revolutionary process, but at the wretched mud-engulfed village in which he and his parents lived under the Tsar. In the next section he gives a full-length portrait of the village he calls Mount Brookville, somewhere in the state of New York, in which he worked as a farmhand. In conclusion he shows what has happened to these communities in recent years.

The descriptions are not designed merely to serve the limited purpose of argument. They are scrupulously honest portraits, detailed, shaded and rounded out for the pleasure of depiction. In "Birch," the Russian part, he makes one clearly see the life of appalling squalor, but he does not omit the redeeming features. It is the reader's own mind which becomes obsessed with the primeval agrarian technique, the half-drunken fumbling in the mud, rather, the ignorance and the consequent stupidity of the muzhik. The Rimsky-Korsakov coloring is there, nevertheless, if one has a bent that way. He tells us about Nochleg, when the singing boys and girls mount horses and ride to distant pastures, there to tell stories, and afterwards to sleep side by side on the grass. He tells, also, how the village fiddler goes about with a red ribbon tied to the neck of his instrument, thus proclaiming to all that in the hay barn the groom has just proved his bride's virginity.

I have read other, and better, accounts of Russian villages, but the American section seems to me almost unique in its quiet lyricism. I speak with that timidity which properly becomes a contemporary Englishman, but it seems to me, nevertheless, that Hindus' Mount Brookville is impossibly peaceful. I feel that the author's delight in adequate farming technique, in mowing machines and clean cowsheds, colors his picture. But the contrast existed between old Russia and new America and it is well to emphasize it. Jim Hoyt, his American boss, would allow no shouting at cows, no hanging up of unclean implements, and he knew the way to stack wheat sheaves. Hear that, ye boastful Americans, the difference really comes down to a wise courtesy to cows, despite the clean houses and abundant food of American farming before the Decline.

Later, after passing through college, Hindus returned to Russia and to his old village, each time visiting Mount Brookville to make comparison. That comparison is not comforting to overconfident conservatives. The machine age, which gave birth and prosperity to Mount Brookville, has overwhelmed it, and it is doomed to disappear. Perhaps the CCC boys will plant pine and spruce and balsam [illegible] time when she can first defend him against stories of youth-

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that this is any romantic account of revolution. Hindus keeps his eye upon the costs of the effort, which he understands perfectly how to estimate. Upon his last visit he saw a cabbage field planted as Jim Hoyt would have done it. Eureka! he cries, in a modest tone. That is a sign the revolution is accomplishing something! A woman in childbirth no longer has her umbilical cord cut with a kitchen knife (the juice of pickled herring wiped off on an apron) as did his mother. Instead, there are competent and cleanly midwives in his village, still muddy. Everyone has shoes, where no one had worn them in the old days. There are tractors, combines, modern plows, new seeds, new breeds of animals, and enthusiasm for these things, of which there is still a lack. Hindus will not let you underestimate the very real victory he describes, nor will he allow you to forget the cost.

RALPH BATES

# The Man Who Played God

*Oliver Cromwell: A Dictator's Tragedy, by Mary Taylor Blauvelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 317 pages. $3.50.*

*The Stuarts, by Sir Charles Petrie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 371 pages. $3.50.*

WITH THE BRITISH again interested in ideas about kingship, the problem of Oliver Cromwell has been recurring, though it was supposedly settled at the end of the last century when Gardiner, Morley and Firth presented the man as neither the black devil of Royalist and Catholic biographers nor the plangent angel who was Carlyle's Hero. There is now a growing body of literature, in Germany and elsewhere, that regards Cromwell as a sort of early fascist chieftain. Sir Charles Petrie is inclined to accept this interpretation in "The Stuarts," though it is surprising to find one of Mussolini's most sympathetic biographers viewing Cromwell's dictatorial methods so severely. Our age has a regrettable tendency to force historical parallels, so it is getting more and more difficult to see any part of the past in its own terms, and there is a particularly dangerous oversimplification of the word fascist, which correctly means an advocate of a certain type of totalitarian state. That Cromwell used some of the same enforcement methods the fascists use is indisputable, but, as Professor Ernest Barker has shown in a recent examination of the question in the Cambridge Miscellany series, the comparison cannot be extended to deeper matters.

Miss Blauvelt's book doesn't attempt to show Cromwell as a fascist. Rather it goes in another direction, and the comparison is with Lincoln and Wilson. Miss Blauvelt has two principal statements to make, that Cromwell had a genuine wish to establish religious tolerance and that he was reluctantly pushed into power. Her best chapter is that dealing with his deliberations before refusing the kingship: the material is excellently arranged, and there is good analytic probing. Unfortunately, the rest of the book is not so convincingly done. Miss Blauvelt is out to whitewash Cromwell and she intends to do it thoroughly, from the

She disregards the man's presumption: however reluctant he may have been to assume power, he was unreluctant to assume that he was God's personal agent on earth ("It is left for me to judge for my own satisfaction, and the satisfaction of others, whether it be the Lord or not"). Instead of taking incidents like Drogheda for what they were, Miss Blauvelt apologizes for them. She likes to make Cromwell out as "the friend of the poor" and tells how he stood up for the Fenmen in 1637, when the draining of the Fens by the Adventurers threatened the fishers and fowlers with loss of commonage. Miss Blauvelt fails to add the sequel, that when he was Lord General in 1653, and by that time an Adventurer himself, Cromwell approved of the draining and sent a troop of horse to suppress the rioting Fenmen he had once championed.

Cromwell does not come out real when his bad points—the arrogance, the bitter temper, the intriguing, the stubborn blundering, the vindictiveness—are glossed over or ignored. And Miss Blauvelt will have nothing to do with the economic interpretation of the Civil War. She caricatures the economic theory inaccurately by saying there is little evidence that a "wealthy oligarchy" used the religious pretext for their own interests. There is a great deal more than this in the interpretation she refuses to consider.

Sir Charles Petrie's book is more skillfully written, and there is a more credible balance of qualities in the people presented, though there is a subtle coloring in favor of all the Stuarts. Even James II comes out more favorably than he has with anyone except Belloc. The book is about half composed of intimate letters and seventeenth-century anecdotes, almost enough to form an amusing anthology of the spicy.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE

## New Books: A Reader's List

BLOODY BARON, by Vladimir Pozner (Random House, $2.50). The story of the insane Baron Ungern-Sternberg, who fought the Reds in the Far East during the civil war. Sadistic, mystical, intense in his passion for discipline and monarchy, Ungern imagined himself a reincarnation of Genghis Khan and gave the Bolsheviks many a mass headache. An exciting bit of fictional biography.

THE WAVELESS PLAIN, by Walter Starkie (Dutton, $3.50). Another tiresome "romantic" life. The Irish Professor and his fiddle have spent almost twenty years in Italy, and you're welcome to his "lyrical descriptions" of her "beautiful landscape and the magnificence of her traditions." For him (as befits a romanticist) the traditions culminate in Il Duce, who elicits a "song of praise."

CRIPPLED SPLENDOR: The Strange Life and Most Terrible Death of James Stuart, by Evan John (Dutton, $2.50). A better-than-the-average costume novel that describes the first James of Scotland (author of "The King's Quair," not to be confused with James I of England) from captive poet and dreamer to master of his country, in a day when titles to thrones were proved with battle axes rather than birth certificates.

ANTI-LABOR ACTIVITIES IN THE UNITED STATES, by David J. Saposs and Elizabeth T. Bliss (LID Pamphlet Series, 15 cents). A pamphlet on "independent" unions, back-to-work movements, vigilant[illegible]

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NLRB. Good supplement to the *must* reports of the La Follette investigation.

ENGLAND'S YEARS OF DANGER, by Paul Frischauer (Oxford, $2.75). A collection of letters, speeches and public documents by the principal actors in the Napoleonic wars, designed to show how England acts when the stability of Europe is threatened. Well selected and arranged, but rather heavy going for the average reader.

TRUMPETS AT DAWN, by Cyril Harris (Scribner's, $2.50). Historical romance in New York, 1776, especially concerned with the friction in families whose members lined up on opposite sides. The author puts his heart into the early-American background, which is colorful and convincing; but there's not much more to the four main characters than their homespun costumes and fervently pro-rebel sympathies.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, by Charles G. Norris (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). About a man who tries to remember his own youthful rebellion when bringing up his children, but ends with more understanding of his puritanical father than of his radical youngsters. The battle of the generations described with knowledge and sympathy and no great fire of genius.

*MADE ON EARTH, by Hugh Kingsmill* (Harper's $3). A peep-show at marriage through the ages, from the entanglements of Henry VIII down to the sentence of the latest front-page housewife who preferred a dead husband to an unfaithful one. Excerpts from letters and diaries, most of them calculated to show the muddles that famous people made of matrimony.

## Contributors

MARQUIS W. CHILDS, a member of the Washington staff of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is the author, among other books, of "Sweden: The Middle Way." "This Is Democracy," a study of collective bargaining and labor governments, will shortly be published by the Yale Press.

PETER F. DRUCKER, formerly editor of The Frankfurter General Anzeiger, is in this country as financial and economic correspondent for a number of British newspapers and as an observer for the economic-research organization of several large European banks.

EDWARD LEVINSON, labor editor of The New York Post, is the author of "I Break Strikes" and "Labor on the March."

FRANCES FROST, a Vermont poet, is the author of "Hemlock Wall," "Blue Harvest," "Woman of Earth" and "Innocent Summer."

KENNETH PATCHEN, author of "Before the Brave," has contributed poems to anthologies and magazines.

LOUISE BOGAN's books of verse include "Body of This Death," "Dark Summer" and "The Sleeping Fury." She has also written many critical articles.

NORBERT GUTERMAN, who has a doctorate from the Sorbonne, writes for magazines here and in Paris.

RALPH BATES is an English novelist who served for more than a year in the Spanish Republican army. He recently returned to New York City from a trip through Mexico and is shortly returning to Europe.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE, formerly literary editor of The Beacon, is writing a historical novel about the English Civil War.


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